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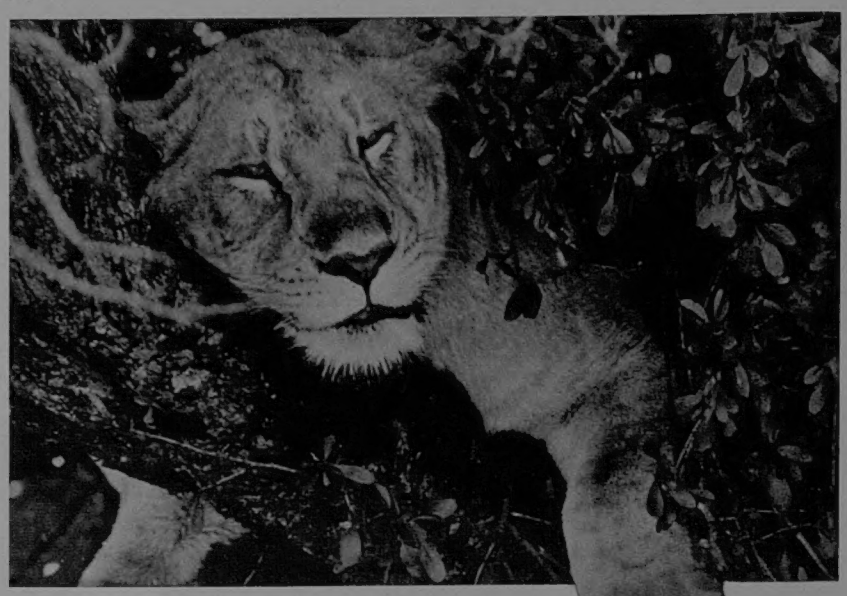

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Volume CCXLIV No. 3169

THE SPHERE

LONDON, February 25, 1961

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

QUEEN AND PRESIDENT

At Rawalpindi, where the Pakistani Government has its temporary headquarters while the new capital is under construction, Queen Elizabeth and President Ayub Khan walk together from the Britannia aircraft which had carried the Royal visitors from their brief holiday in Swat. The President presented the members of his Government and accompanied the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the President's house. Later in the day the President flew with the Queen and the Duke to Lahore, where the Royal visitors took up residence for several days at Governor's House. Their engagements included a banquet and dinner parties; visits to the Horse and Cattle Show; receptions and rallies. From Lahore, the Queen and the Duke flew over part of the Himalayas en route to Dacca, where they began their short stay in East Pakistan. On February 16 the Royal visitors returned to India. There one of the Queen's first engagements was a tour of the Durgapur steel plant. Subsequently, in Calcutta, the Queen and the Duke had one of the biggest welcomes of their tour. Next Sunday they go to Katmandu for their visit to Nepal. They return to India on Wednesday for the farewell ceremonies before leaving on Thursday to visit the Shah of Persia

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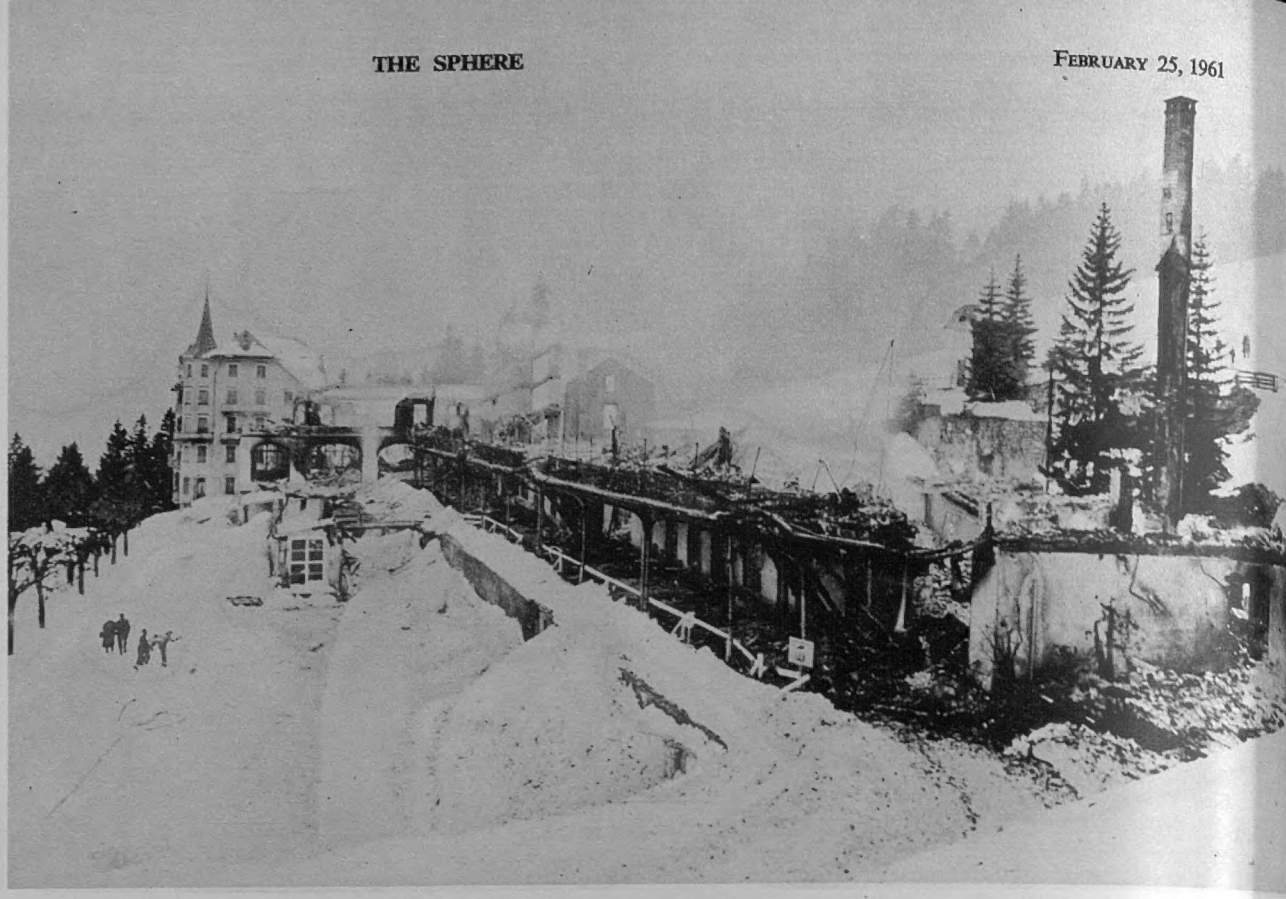
In a fire at a hotel at Rigi-Kaltbad, east of Lucerne, eleven people were killed. The blaze started in the middle of the night and the flames spread rapidly through the building constructed mainly of wood. About 150 of the hotel's 200 beds were occupied: of those who died, five were employees and six were Swiss guests. Most of those who escaped were forced to do so in their nightclothes and a number had to leap from their windows into deep snow drifts



THE GUTTED REMAINS OF A SWISS HOTEL DESTROYED BY A FIRE

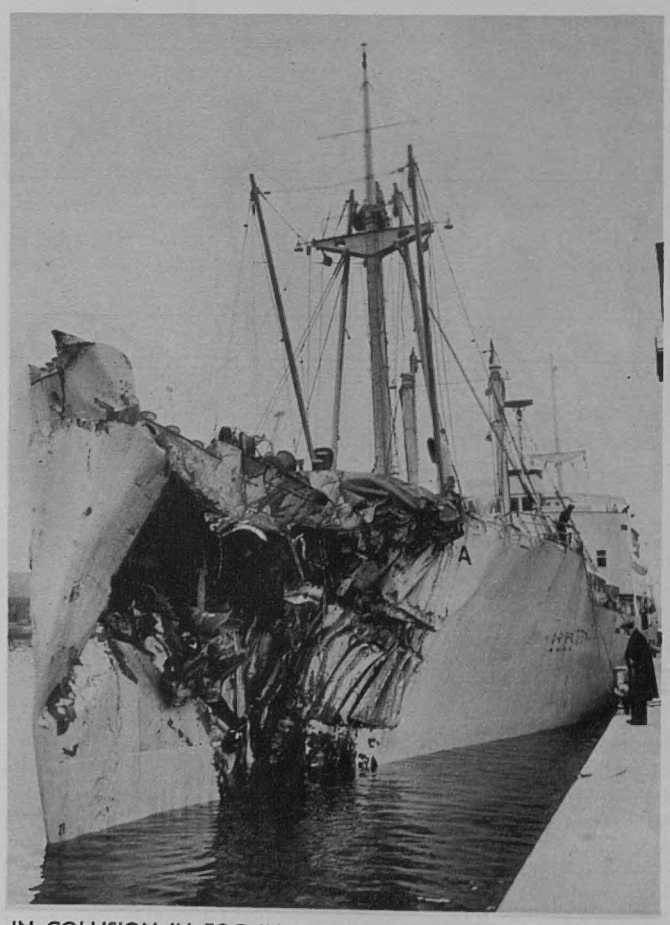
Below right: Part of the undercarriage of the Sabena Belgian Airlines Boeing 707 jet airliner lies wrapped round a tree after the aircraft crashed when coming in to land at Brussels airport. All the seventy-three people on board were killed, including the seventeen members of the United States figure-skating team on their way to the world championships in Prague. The aircraft, on a flight from New York, was on its landing circle, when contact with the pilot was lost. According to reports from the control tower at the airport the airliner circled three or four times " in an abnormal position " before gaining height and then crashing. A special commission was set up by the Belgian Government on the causes of the disaster

AIRLINER DISASTER AT BRUSSELS

Far right: The locomotive of the 5.15 p.m. Cosford—Chester passenger train lies on its side after having run into the engine of a goods train at Baschurch, eight miles north of Shrewsbury. The driver and fireman of the passenger train and another railwayman were killed. Firemen, police, ambulance men and volunteers rescued the twenty passengers from the wreckage, some of which was on fire

TRAIN CRASH IN SHROPSHIRE

With one side of her bows stove in, the Swedish steamer *Britta* (2,297 tons) docks at Tilbury after having been in collision in thick fog off Dover with the Italian tanker *Mirella d'Amico* (20,417 tons). Dover lifeboat was guided to the scene of the collision by the woman radio operator of the *Britta*, who remained at her post sending out distress signals. Last week in thick fog in the Channel there were a number of other collisions: in one night seven ships were involved. Five miles off Dover the German ship *Bochum* and the Norwegian tanker *Raila* collided. One seaman was killed

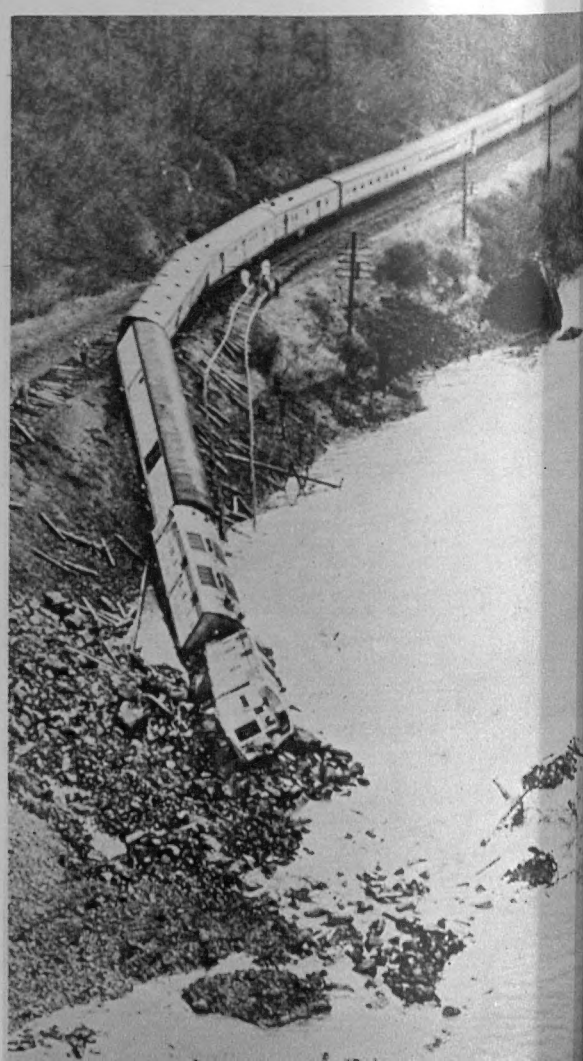


IN COLLISION IN FOG IN THE CHANNEL

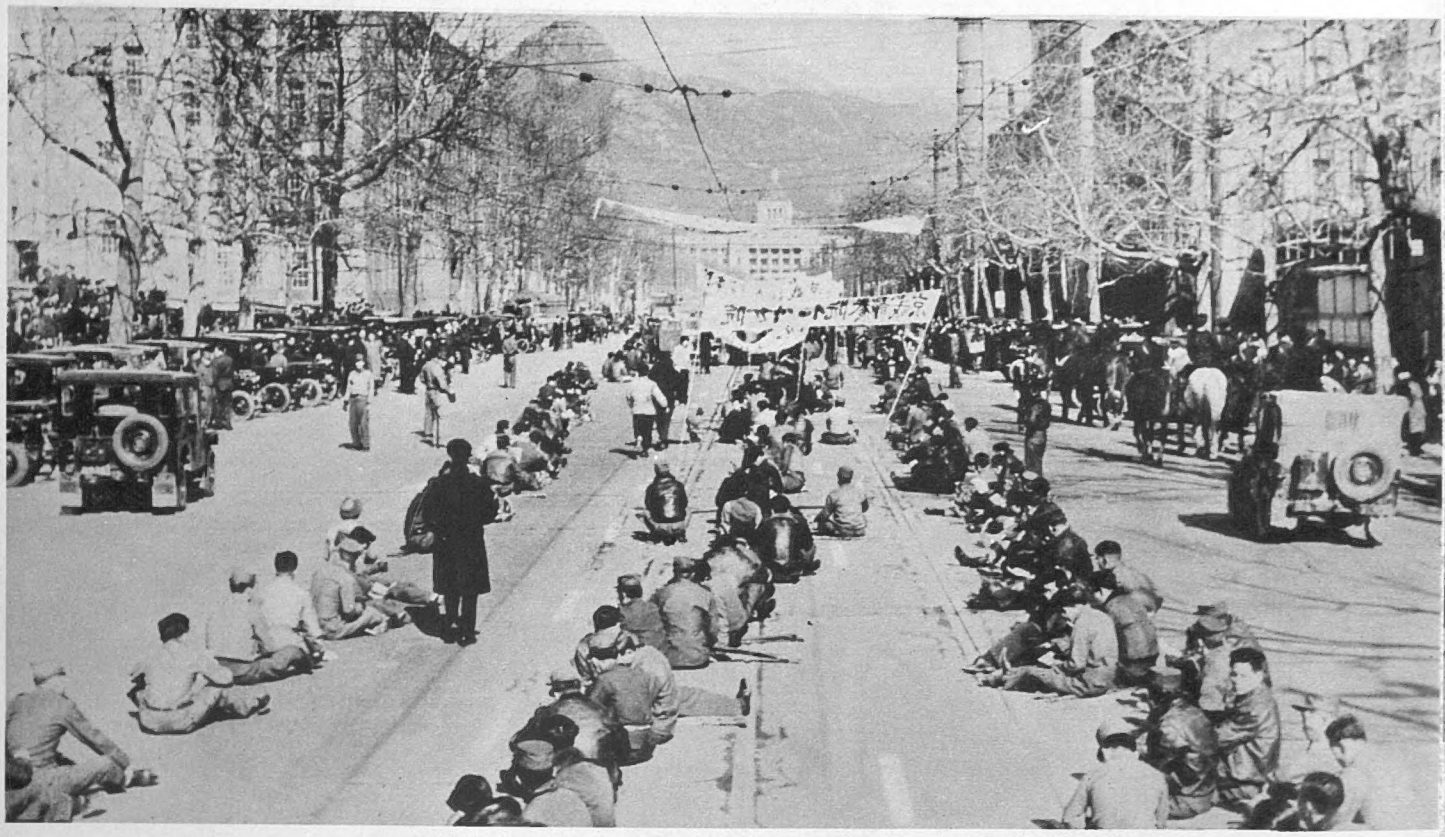
Far right :

DERAILED BY A LANDSLIDE IN THE U.S.

About seventeen miles east of Portland in Oregon, a Union Pacific passenger train lies derailed. It was hit by a mud and rock landslide caused by torrential rain in western Oregon. Four people, all railwaymen, were injured: all the passengers, young people going to a church Conference, were unhurt



THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A PEACEABLE DEMONSTRATION IN SEOUL

On the main street of Seoul, the capital of South Korea, over 400 disabled ex-servicemen stage a sit-down strike in front of the Lower House of Assembly. After their peaceable demonstration they held a mass meeting in the main square, claiming they were jobless and needed increased pensions. They marched towards the Prime Minister's residence in order to deliver their protest to Dr. John Chang

VIOLENCE IN JAPANESE POLITICS

Kazutaka Komori, aged 17, is escorted by police detectives in Tokyo after he had been arrested for stabbing and wounding Mrs. Kane Shimanaka, the wife of a magazine publisher. Komori belonged to the same right-wing ultra-nationalist group as the youth who assassinated the Socialist leader, Mr. Asanuma, last October. Mrs. Shimanaka's husband published a story of a dream about the execution of the Japanese Imperial family in a revolution. The ultra-nationalist group thought this an insult to the palace and threatened the publisher with violence

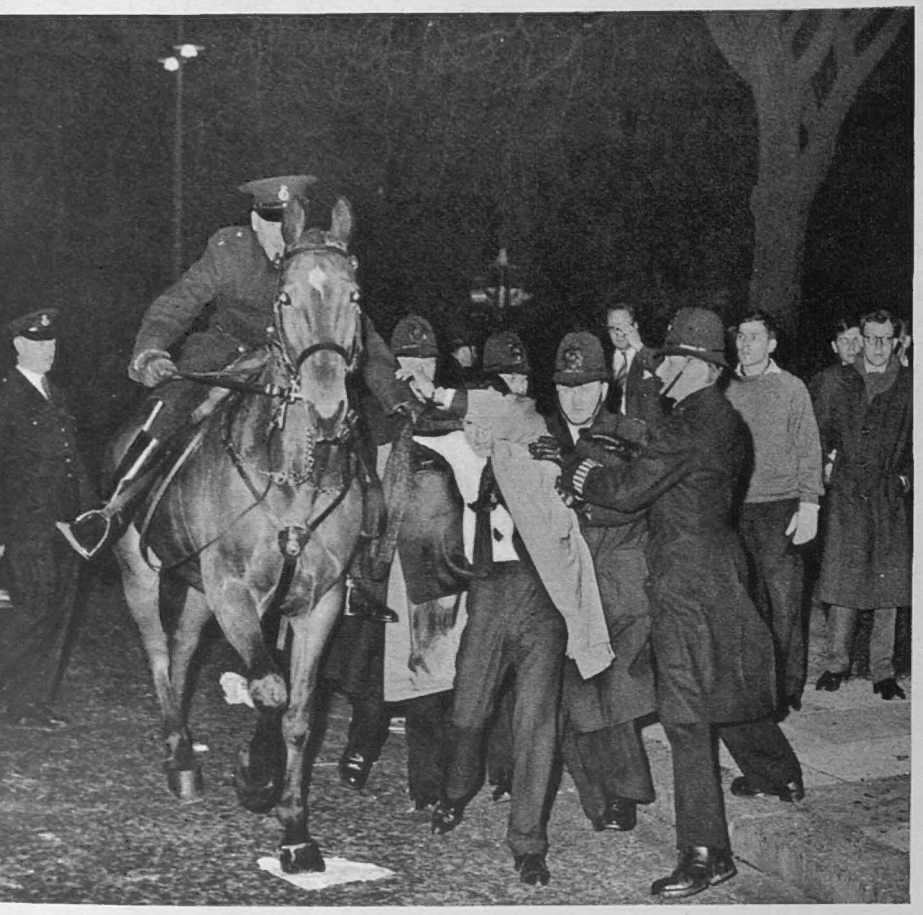
PRESIDENT TITO GOES ON TOUR

Far right: The President of Yugoslavia says goodbye to Mr. Edvard Kardelj, Yugoslav Vice-President, at the railway station in Belgrade. President Tito, accompanied by his wife, was setting out on his tour of Africa, which is taking him to the Republic of Togo, Ghana, Liberia, Guinea, Morocco and Tunis. He is to make an unofficial visit to the United Arab Republic. Yugoslav relations with the U.A.R. are close. Presidents Tito and Nasser have had many meetings in the past six years to discuss their "neutralist" policies

PREPARATIONS IN YUGOSLAVIA TO TELEVISE THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

Two pairs of oxen haul television equipment through the snow on Mount Yastrebac near Nis, in Western Yugoslavia, in preparation for televising the eclipse of the sun. Pictures from Yastrebac were seen on British television by means of the Eurovision link. Cloud and mist prevented the partial eclipse last week from being seen in the south of England, although conditions in the north were better. It was the most nearly total eclipse recorded in Britain since 1927 and there will not be another similar one until 1999. At various points in Europe, across France, Italy, Yugoslavia and Russia, a complete eclipse was seen. The sun was totally obscured in Florence, for over two minutes

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE CONGO DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE BELGIAN EMBASSY, LONDON

A SIT-DOWN PROTEST OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE

Demonstrators were out on two separate occasions in London last week-end. On Sunday, about 3,000 people assembled in Trafalgar Square to attend a meeting, organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom and the Committee of African Organisations, in protest against the course of events in Congo and the killing of Mr. Lumumba. After the meeting the demonstrators marched towards the Belgian Embassy in Belgravia. They met a barrier of police, some on horseback, as they neared the Embassy, and were forced to come to a halt. Twenty-nine people were arrested and appeared in court charged with insulting behaviour and obstructing the police. Among the speakers at the demonstration was Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, of the United National Independence Party of Northern Rhodesia.

On the previous day, a crowd of several thousands sat for over two hours outside the Ministry of Defence in protest against the signing of the agreement on Polaris submarine bases in Britain. Before the display of what the demonstrators called a " show of civil disobedience," a meeting was held in Trafalgar Square addressed by Earl Russell. The demonstration was organised by the Committee of 100, representing those who want nuclear disarmament and favour civil disobedience as the means of protest. Nobody was arrested during the meeting or outside the Ministry of Defence. According to police officials it was one of the most orderly mass demonstrations ever seen in London.

EARL RUSSELL SPEAKS

ANTI-POLARIS DEMONSTRATORS

THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW ASSAULT SHIP

An artist's impression shows the facilities for landing helicopters and launching landing craft of the Royal Navy's new assault ship. Lord Carrington, First Lord of the Admiralty, in his explanatory statement of the Navy Estimates last week, announced the building of the ship this year to replace present vessels of the Amphibious Warfare Squadron. She will be of 10,000 to 15,000 tons and will carry landing craft to be launched by flooding compartments of the ship and lowering her in the water. She will also be able to serve as headquarters ship in the assault area. Other provisions in the Navy Estimates are for two more guided missile destroyers, an improved version of the Seaslug guided missile, and the production in England of a U.S.-designed lightweight torpedo. The Navy Estimates for next year are £413,200,000, an increase of well over £15,000,000 on last year's figures

NEWS SUMMARY

Space vehicles journey on; aftermath to Lumumba's murder; M.P.s sit late; Rhodesian deadlock; Cyprus and the Commonwealth

UNIVERSAL

At a Press conference in **Moscow** last week-end, Dr. Viktor Bazykin, head of the Moscow Planetarium, said that he did not think the Russian interplanetary space station would hit Venus. Tass, the official Soviet news agency, stated that it would pass the planet at a distance of not more than 112,000 miles "without trajectorial corrections." This estimate represents a considerable narrowing of possible error in the space station's trajectory. It was not certain whether the Russians would try to correct the trajectory to bring it even nearer to Venus. But they have already achieved this technical feat with another space vehicle.

Also last week-end, the U.S. achieved a further advance in satellite exploration. The U.S.A.A.F. successfully restarted the rocket motor of Discoverer XXI, launched into orbit round the earth from **Vandenberg** Air Force Base, California. This success means that the U.S. are a step nearer controlling satellites from the ground, by changing speed, orbit, direction or altitude.

State of play in the Universe by last Monday was: U.S.S.R. one space station on the way to Venus and two sputniks in orbit round the earth; the U.S., two satellites in orbit round the sun and nineteen in orbit round the earth.

INTERNATIONAL

The consequences to Congo of Mr. Lumumba's death continued to dominate the news at the start of this week. Speaking in **Accra** on Sunday President Nkrumah of Ghana said he had just received information that the former Prime Minister of Congo had been shot "while kneeling at his prayers" by a Belgian officer a month previously. Ghana is one of the countries which has recognised the pro-Lumumba Government of Mr. Gizenga, in Stanleyville, as the lawful government of Congo. Others who have given recognition to this regime are Russia, Yugoslavia and Guinea.

Two plans for the future of Congo were under consideration by U.N. in **New York.** One put forward by Dr. Nkrumah suggested that a new U.N. command composed of African officers should take over. All Congolese units should be disarmed and all foreigners serving with them expelled. Foreign diplomatic missions should be withdrawn from Congo. The second plan, contained in a report from the U.N. Secretary General's Advisory Committee, recommended the recognition of Mr. Ileo's Government—Mr. Ileo is President Kasavubu's Prime Minister—and suggested the Ministry should be broadened into one of "National Unity." (See also pages 284 and 285.)

The ministerial meeting of the Council of the European Free Trade Association in **Geneva** under the chairmanship of Mr. Maudling (Britain) decided that the date on which tariff reductions between the Seven States will become operative is to be July 1 next. Agreement was reached on the terms under which Finland is to come into special association with E.F.T.A. and the meeting also expressed a desire for negotiations with the Six of the Common Market countries with a view to the creation of a single economy of thirteen European nations.

GREAT BRITAIN

Dr. Adenauer was due in **London** on Wednesday last (February 22). The Federal German Chancellor was to have two days of talks with Mr. Macmillan and other ministers on the international situation and economic affairs.

More lengthy sessions of the House of Commons were expected this week. On one occasion last week the Opposition, in pursuit of its tactic of attempting to wreck the Government's legislative programme, kept the House sitting until 8.15 a.m.

The Labour Party statement on defence, drawn up by a special committee of twelve, was issued last Sunday. In the main it follows the "Gaitskell line" (*i.e.* Britain should continue to have nuclear weapons within the framework of Nato) which was defeated at the Party Conference last autumn. First reaction to the new statement was that it was unlikely to help in healing the breach over defence in Labour's ranks. The Conservatives also continued to be divided on the question of the Government's policies towards Africa.

Mr. Robert Graves, the poet and author, was elected Professor of Poetry at **Oxford** University by a large majority. Lord James of Rusholme, High Master of Manchester Grammar School since 1945, is to be the first Vice-Chancellor of the new University of **York.**

RHODESIA

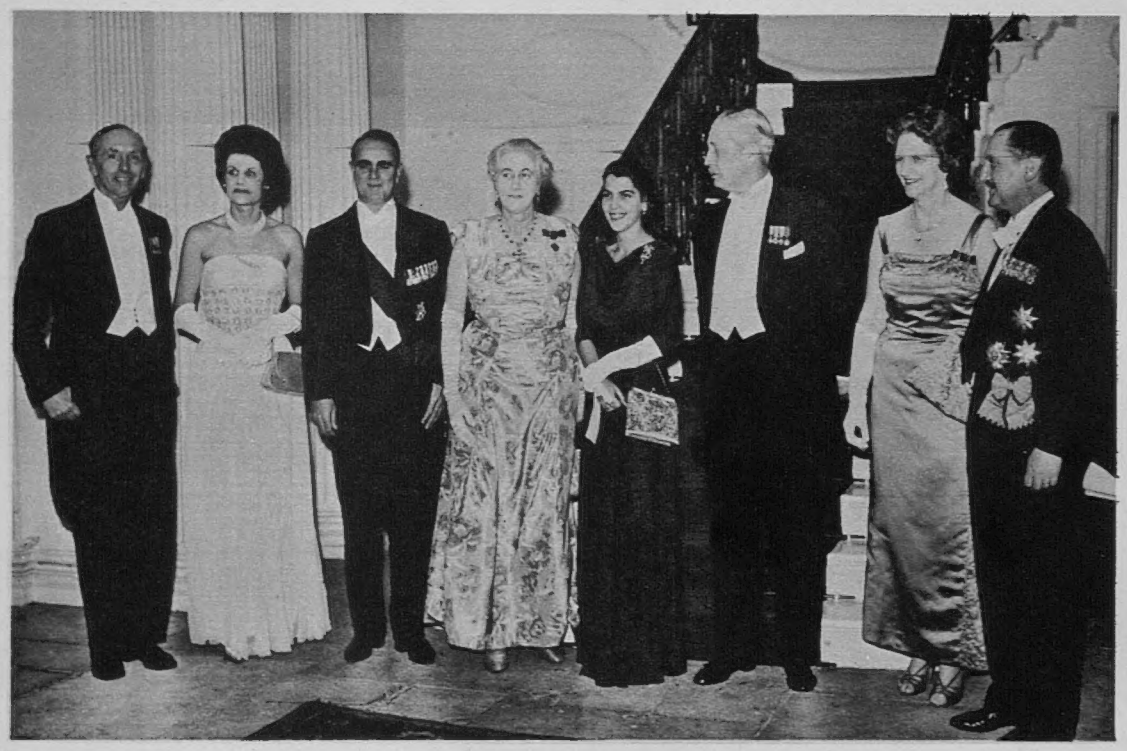
The British Government's White Paper outlining their decision regarding the future constitution of Northern Rhodesia was to be published early this week. After the failure of the constitutional conference in London it was not known how far any of the Northern Rhodesian parties would be prepared to accept an imposed solution. The two African leaders, Mr. Kaunda and Mr. Nkumbula, whose "last hope" talks with Mr. Macmillan on Sunday ended in failure, expressed great disappointment at the British Government's attitude. However, they said Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, was not to blame.

Southern Rhodesia also faced a crisis. The essential parts of the agreement for a new constitution, reached under the chairmanship of Mr. Sandys, Commonwealth Relations Secretary, a fortnight ago, were repudiated by Mr. Nkomo, leader of the National Democratic Party. The European Right-wing Dominion Party rejected the agreement when it was drawn up.

The only component of the Federation which has accepted a new constitution is Nyasaland. This was agreed at the London conference last summer.

CYPRUS

In **Nicosia** last week the House of Representatives voted by 41 to 9 to ask to join the Commonwealth for a trial period of five years. The next step was for the Cyprus Government to inform the British Government of this decision. It was expected that it would do this in time for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London on March 8.



At Admiralty House are, from left: Lord Home; Mme. Averoff; Mr. Karamanlis, Greek Prime Minister; Lady Dorothy Macmillan; Mme. Karamanlis; Mr. Macmillan; Lady Home; and Mr. Averoff, Greek Foreign Minister. The occasion was a reception for the Greek Ministers during their recent visit to London

THE UNITED STATES

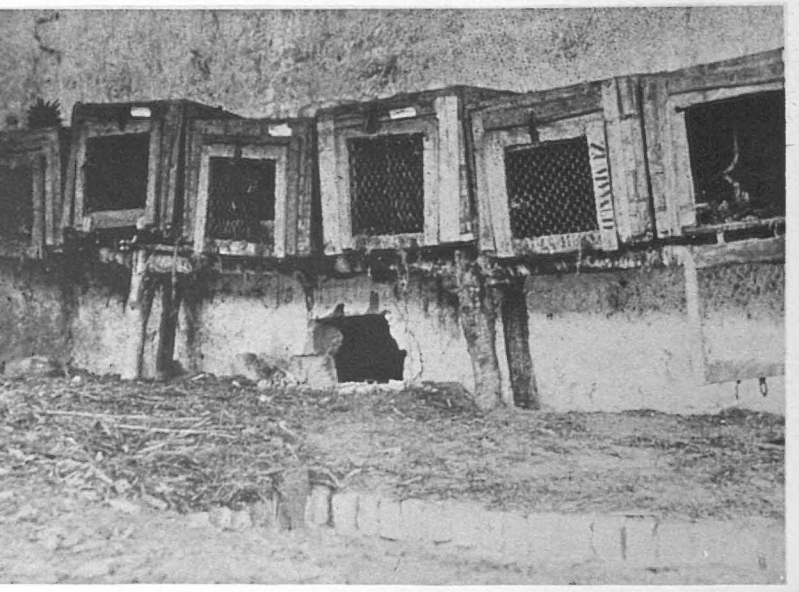
Mr. Diefenbaker paid a short visit to **Washington** last Monday. The Canadian Prime Minister was the first Commonwealth Head of Government to meet President Kennedy. Over a "working luncheon" in the White House they were understood to have discussed defence, international affairs and North American relations with Cuba. Mr. Diefenbaker is expected to report on this meeting to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London next month.

LAOS

King Savang Vatthana broadcast a message from his capital, **Luang Prabang,** calling for a policy of neutrality towards his country. He proposed that an international commission should be sent to Laos, composed of representatives from Cambodia, Burma and Malaya. This international good-offices commission to supervise a cease-fire is an alternative suggestion to the plan supported by the West to recall the International Control Commission of India, Poland and Canada, set up by the Geneva Conference on Indo-China in 1954.

DEATH OF LUMUMBA

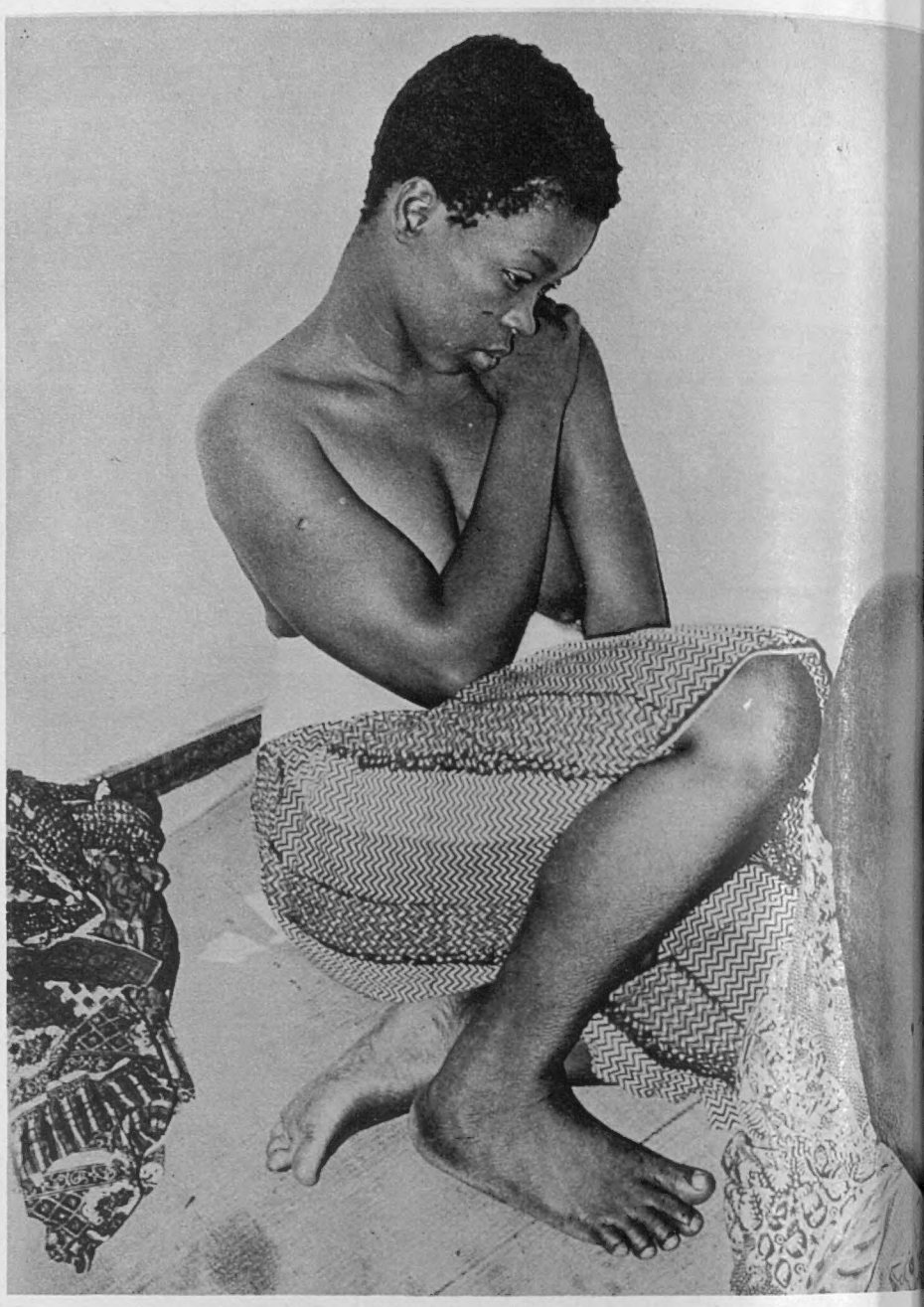
The hole beneath his bed through which Mr. Lumumba allegedly escaped



A view from outside of the hole in the prison at Kasaji

The car in which Mr. Lumumba and his two companions escaped

Police and prison officials investigate near the car from which Mr. Lumumba was said to have been dragged and murdered by tribesmen



Bared to the waist as a sign of mourning Mrs. Lumumba grieves over her husband's death

Guards clash with brawling Negroes in the public gallery at the United Nations

Mrs. Nkrumah, Egyptian-born wife of Ghana's President, poses in Cairo with three of the Lumumba children—Juliana, Patrice (centre) and François

In a cold-blooded manner Mr. Munongo, Minister of the Interior in the separatist government of Katanga, informed a Press conference in Elisabethville of the death of Mr. Lumumba and his two fellow prisoners, Mr. Mpolo and Mr. Okito. He said that after escaping from their prison at Kasaji, they had driven off in a car, been ambushed in the jungle and "massacred by the inhabitants of a small unnamed village." No judicial action was being taken against the killers who had "acted a little precipitately." Death certificates signed by a doctor were produced. Mr. Munongo refused to state where the bodies had been buried. In Leopoldville Mr. Lumumba's widow led a silent procession to the U.N. headquarters to ask for her husband's body to be brought to the capital. The news of their father's death was broken to the three elder Lumumba children in Cairo, where they were sent to school last year. There were stormy scenes in the Security Council in New York. Mr. Zorin, of Russia, accused Mr. Hammarskjold of "organising Lumumba's murder" and demanded his dismissal from office. Mr. Hammarskjold replied in strong terms. The session had to be suspended while shouting Negroes were ejected from the public gallery. The Belgian Embassies in several capitals were the target of noisy and sometimes violent pro-Lumumba demonstrations.

Mr. Hammarskjold sits next to Mr. Loufti (U.A.R.) at the Security Council table

Smoke pours from the Belgian Embassy in Cairo after demonstrators set fire to it

Police use their batons to break up an anti-Belgian demonstration in Paris

Students of many nations shout insults outside the Belgian Embassy in London

JOHN CONNELL

CHINA'S DESIGNS ON INDIA

The British Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, earlier this month urged the admission of the Chinese People's Republic to the United Nations. The Kennedy Administration tugged this well-intentioned kite swiftly to earth. A State Department spokesman said that Lord Home's remark was not the result of any consultation between the British and American Governments, and went on to draw attention to " the cold, hard fact of Communist China's own attitude." This seemed to some of us a bit of a *volte-face* after some of the President's own remarks on this theme.

I doubt if anybody in any responsible position in this country believes that the presence of Communist China, both in the U.N. General Assembly and as a permanent member of the Security Council, is going to solve all the problems of the rest of the world's relations with Pekin; but there has been, of late, a curious and slightly disquieting shift of outlook about China, even in circles of which no member could possibly be suspected of the palest possible shade of Pinkness. The news of famine has touched generous and kindly hearts; the evidence of industrial as well as agricultural difficulties, on the largest scale, has been received with a complacent, rather patronising indulgence; and Lord Montgomery, in his latest book and on television, has described Mr. Mao in glowing terms. I see no sinister hidden hand behind all this, and nothing conspiratorial; it seems to me natural and inevitable in a society such as ours, and extremely silly. But then we are almost perpetually silly, and redeem ourselves only by rare flashes of intelligence and courage.

I trust that one of those flashes will illuminate the international scene the next time that China precipitates a crisis. A next time there surely will be. My own premonition, for what it is worth, is that it will concern China's relations with India. Exactly a year ago, it is perhaps timely to recall, these were extremely tense. There are many indications, in my opinion, that the Sino-India frontier dispute of 1959-1960 was only one phase in a long, subtle, determined campaign by the Chinese Communists against India's freedom and sovereignty. This is the view now held by many instructed people in India; and I have pretty strong reasons for believing that the Government of India is moulding its policy accordingly, but it is doing so very reticently and with no trumpet-blare of publicity.

There are certain powerful factors which are bound to govern Sino-Indian relations; they are geographical, climatic and cultural. The French, in the days when they possessed a Far Eastern empire, were quite right to call it Indo-China: in that region, and in much else of South East Asia, the two great cultures meet and mingle, but they do not fuse, and they have never fused. China for self-protection has always sought to rely upon the maintenance (as Lord Montgomery shrewdly observed, in his recent television discussion with Dr. Edward Murrow, Mr. Kennedy's new Chief of Information Services) of a *cordon sanitaire* of client or satellite nations, which, if she wants to be aggressive, she can use as jumping-off boards. It is, for example, pretty clear that Burma is being compelled to reassume this role, which has frequently been hers throughout her long and turbulent history; and others will probably have to accept a similar subordination to China's purposes.

India's traditional reliance—and I here mean the sub-continent as a whole, and in to-day's terms I ought to speak of India and Pakistan—has been on the sea and on her mountain barriers. It must be realised that, so far as contemporary India is concerned, China is now firmly settled in on her back doorstep, along hundreds of miles of ill-mapped, thinly-guarded frontier, from Kashmir to Assam. The threat is perpetual and unrelaxing. The sad fact is that it took independent India such a long time to admit its existence. Belatedly and reluctantly Mr. Nehru and his friends have reached a realistic appreciation of the true nature of their country's relationship with China: the Chinese Communist leaders, whether smiling and pretending to offer friendship, or glaring and bellowing threats and accusations, have always been realists. But, of course, political realism of this character has its grave flaws. The Chinese under-estimated the effect of final and complete disillusionment upon the Indian people and Government, and in the 1959-1960 crisis they undoubtedly over-reached themselves.

Mr. Nehru welcomes the Maharaja of Bhutan to Delhi. India guides Bhutan, a Himalayan Kingdom between the Indian and Tibet borders, in regard to its external relations

That crisis ended an extraordinary, protracted but entirely one-sided love affair. For ten years the Chinese had cynically exploited the Indian Government's deep and genuine desire for durable and soundly-based friendship and understanding. But in international relations as in human relationships, the cynical seducer-exploiter-jilter pays, in the end, a pretty heavy price for his fun, when he has been found out. India's reluctance in the early '50's to take a strong stand on the Chinese occupation of Tibet was taken, by Pekin, as a sign of moral as well as physical weakness. There followed the years of complacent, slightly fatuous courting of China by India, and the sad mockery of the proclamation of Pancha Shila, those five very exalted principles which ought to govern international relationships. The most important of those principles, it is worth recalling, were: peaceful co-existence between nations, non-interference in the affairs of other nations, and mutual respect for each other's sovereignty and territorial rights. In the summer of 1959, ten men of the Indian frontier constabulary died on the high, barren wasteland of northern Ladakh, because the Chinese flagrantly and without any provocation set those principles at naught.

This episode, combined with a similar affray in a disputed area at the eastern, Assam, end of the border, deeply shocked and alarmed India. A Government which had tried to be formally non-interventionist during the course of the Tibetans' brave, doomed insurrection, was now brought face to face with the fact of Chinese aggression on its own soil.

Mr. Nehru's speech in the Lokh Sabha in Delhi on November 27, 1959, in the course of which he accused China of a breach of faith against India (who, as he said forlornly, had from the outset championed China's cause in the world at large), was a vigorous exposition of India's changed outlook :

> The prospect of a future in which the two giants of Asia are constantly at each other's throats is bad for the future, bad for China, and bad for India, or for Asia, and a war between them would be a great tragedy. . . . People think that in spite of all that has happened on our borders and elsewhere it has made no difference. That is not correct. It has made a tremendous difference not only to the Government's present relations with China but also to what may happen in the future. That is something very obvious from the widespread and deep-seated reaction in India. There is no doubt about that . . . it has been powerful from children in a primary school to grown-up people. I have ventured sometimes to ask people to be calm. But I might tell you that I was proud of that reaction. . . . I ask you all to realise the gravity of the situation created by China. If unfortunately this situation worsens we shall have to become a nation in arms. Let there be no mistake. Every single activity and planning will have to be conditioned by the major fact that it is a struggle for life and death.

The immediate crisis passed. China's internal troubles, and the great ideological argument with the Soviet Union over the higher Communist strategy, have kept the leaders in Pekin very pre-occupied for close on twelve months. But I am convinced that this is a brief, temporary respite. We are witnessing in Asia, as in Europe we are involved in, a great and irreconcilable conflict between two outlooks, two ways of life. The two greatest nations in Asia are indeed, as Mr. Nehru admitted in the speech I have just quoted, at odds with each other; but the different outlooks, the different ways of life which have precipitated the clash are not, on either side, natively Asian. Two social, economic and political philosophies, born and nurtured in Western Europe, have run head on into each other; and the conflict would be much worse if it were not for the physical barriers caused by the existence of the ranges of the Himalaya and the Karakoram mountains. Even so, these can be o'erleapt. As a distinguished writer, Mr. Girilal Jain, of *The Times of India*, has been at pains to explain to his fellow-countrymen:

> The activites of the Chinese authorities in Tibet, incursions into India and the policies of the Soviet Government and Communist Party of India have to be viewed as parts of an over-all plan, which is to subvert democracy in favour of " people's democracy " in India.

More and more of the population of India, I realise, are awakening to this very grave threat to their national security.

Captain D. S. Tibbits, D.S.C., R.N., commanding officer of the aircraft carrier *Hermes*, standing on the bridge structure, directs his ship towards her refuelling berth in Aden Harbour. The ship's company are lined up on the flight-deck below, and the aircraft which can be seen are a Fairey Gannet and Sea Vixens and Scimitars. Captain Tibbits was appointed Captain of the Royal Navy's latest carrier after having been captain of H.M.S. *Dryad*, the Navy's school of navigation. *Hermes*, although laid down in 1944, has been much modified to include post-war developments in the design of aircraft carriers and is also air-conditioned throughout. After shakedown cruises and a full programme of working-up exercises, she embarked her forty-five aircraft and entered service in the summer of last year. The carrier later joined the Far Eastern fleet to allow the carrier *Albion* to return home. (*Albion* is now at Portsmouth to be refitted as Britain's second commando carrier equipped with helicopters.) The other commando carrier, *Bulwark*, is also in the Far East. She is due to be joined by another of the Navy's operational carriers, *Victorious*, which is paying a series of courtesy calls at South African ports

ENTERING HARBOUR

b

In marshy conditions following weeks of heavy rain, farm workers lift the last of the sugar-beet crop at North Wootton, near King's Lynn in Norfolk. The conditions resemble those of the rice-fields of China

On a farm at Laleham, Staines, only twenty miles from London, horses take the strain of the plough

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

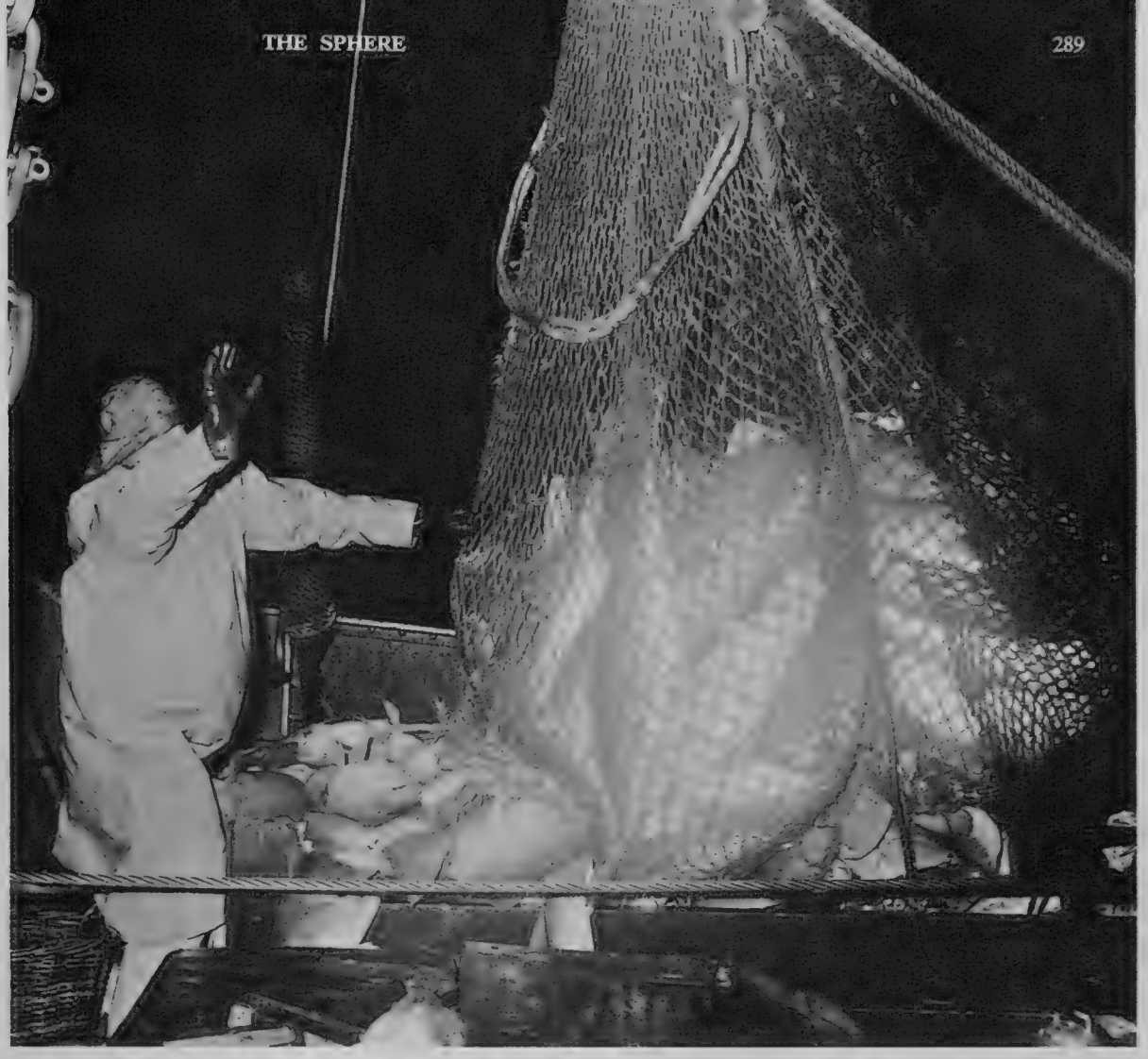
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. Mr. Macmillan's decision to set up a Royal Commission to inquire into the economics of the Press was forced on him by public opinion, suddenly disturbed by merger and take-over offers. Remembering the jejune results of the last such Inquiry fourteen years ago, it is surprising that the announcement was quite warmly received on all sides. The Press itself welcomes this chance for the public to learn at last the *facts* about newspaper production, the constantly increasing overheads, cost of newsprint, salaries, restrictive practices, advertisers' demands, and so on. It claims that producing newspapers is not all dancing and grog even for Press Emperors and that the wildest ideas and fictions are current and need public correction. Other interests, and especially those whose fear of monopoly led to this Commission, approve provided the findings are quickly arrived at. Until they are known, no government could intervene to prevent in one sphere what is legitimate business in others. No one wants Parliamentary interference in the business of a free Press to be a normal duty of government. (At the same time, there are many who think that some exuberant newspapers carry too far their freedom to say what they please about politicians.) Two other committees are already at work studying other aspects of Press economics, and it is to be hoped that before autumn the public will be better qualified to pass judgment on its Press. The sooner the better; the less time wasted on trivialities and frailties, which only a Press Council possessed of real authority can deal with, the more hope for a useful result from the Royal Commission's consideration of essentials within its brief. At the back of one's mind lies the conviction that yesterday, to-day and to-morrow the public has the Press it wants and that the newspapers that fail, fail because they can't give their readers what they demand, and that the proprietors and editors are for ever labouring to meet that demand by hook or by crook. If the public were wholly composed of highly-educated, responsible, and sober persons, the street of ink would lead to paradise.

FATHER AND SON. For my part, I think that the mild "sensation" caused by Mr. Maurice Macmillan's criticism in the Commons of the economic policy (or lack of it) of his father's Government was nothing more than nice clean fun. I dare say that notice of the intention was sent to, or given at, Birchgrove and was smilingly noted. Like father, like son. After all, these Macmillans have always enjoyed in family life the clash of opinions between generations on the Hatfield model of (the Cecils') family life; and the Prime Minister himself in his earlier political career quite often found occasions to belabour his own party. I cannot, therefore, read into the incident a case of parricide. It is, of course, hard on young Mr. M. Macmillan that (at this juncture) he is his father's son. Critics, who always scent nepotism, declare that Mr. Maurice, so well fitted for a junior post, is about the only connection of the Premier who has not been fitted with a portfolio. It isn't true, of course, and I am certain that sincerity and not pique inspired this mild attack. But, if more such attacks follow and begin to embarrass rather than afford pride to the Premier, he has a remedy. If it is not just now advisable to promote his son to a post in the Government (and so spike his guns), he *could* remove him to another place by recommending him for a viscountcy. From the Premier's Pandora's box viscountcies—those gewgaws in Victorian settings—are as regularly bestowed as were the "fish-slices" which the late Mr. William Gillett gave as wedding presents to Benedicts of the Bachelor's Club. And a majority, I suppose, were put to use.

THE BIG BANG. Science for the million is still explained "in terms too deep for me," and I take what comfort I can from a promise by Professor Martin Ryle of the Mullard Observatory, Cambridge, that the universe will last out my time whether, as he believes, it was created by a big bang (the evolutionary theory) or by continuous creation (the "steady state" theory still favoured by Professor Hoyle, also of Cambridge). I don't know whether Professor Ryle's discoveries have yet qualified him for a knighthood or only a C.B.E. on account. It is certainly an achievement to be able to pick up signals from radio stars which

THE ROYAL TOUR OF INDIA AND PAKISTAN

On March 18, *The Sphere* will publish a special, enlarged number recording the tour. Our own photographer is with the party and many pictures will be exclusive. This issue will have a colour cover and editorial pages in colour of actualities of the tour, in addition to extra pages in black and white. There is already a big demand and you should place your order *now* with your local newsagent or direct with the Publisher, *The Sphere*, 13, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2 (enclosing remittance), to be sure of obtaining a copy. The Royal Tour Number costs 4s. or 4s. 6d. including postage.



Right: Part of a phenomenal catch is hauled from the deck of the Aberdeen trawler, *Grampian Glen*. In a one-day fishing trial less than ten miles from Aberdeen, there were two trawls, of three-quarters of an hour and of two hours, during which 158 cwt. of cod were caught. It was one of the biggest catches in local waters in living memory

may be 8,000,000,000 light-years distant from us. It encourages me to believe that it may be possible one day to get a reply from British Railways H.Q. (less than 100 miles away) to a request for a summer car-sleeper booking sent in a fortnight ago. I realise how small-minded and insular it is to keep one's feet firmly on our tiny little planet and to think in terms of days and weeks. "*Mais, Monsieur, il faut vivre*," however the universe is evolving, and I wish more of these professors would confine their attention to seeking an antidote to the little bangs they created on our own tiny star which give us quite heavy enough headaches. Professor Ryle thinks that theologians have given up worrying about Genesis and rival theories of creation and perhaps, like me, they find the language of science too difficult to follow. But undoubtedly Professor Ryle has let off quite a bang in the world of science. . . . "There may be Heaven, there must be Hell, Meanwhile, there is our life here . . .Well?" That is true. We can't neglect our tiresome little domestic problems. We must eat and sleep and pay our way and live our lives out. But the search for knowledge and eternal truth must go forward if we are to claim superiority in the animal kingdom; and hats off to those who explore the avenues to Venus and beyond to the undiscovered ends.

NO BEGGING LETTERS, PLEASE. I have waited nearly seventy years for the burning moment which broke upon me last week. I have won a prize in a lottery. My first stab at it was made for me by my mother at a village fête when I was an infant. Since then I have invested in raffles, in club sweeps, in tombolas and lucky-dips and in every form of legitimate or not so legitimate gambling, and never have I drawn a winning number nor gained even a cake or a bottle of ginger ale, until last week, when I was in receipt of a letter from "Ernie," beginning: "Dear Bond holder, I am happy to tell you. . . ." My little parcel of Premium Bonds has paid me a dividend, and quite a handsome one. It will just pay for 1½ tons of fuel for my "donkey." All the same, it represents a very handsome dividend on my investment. And now I wait for a bigger prize. I feel I am among the lucky six-figure numbers in my code and I have proof that success breeds success. Our late and faithful char held a tiny parcel of these bonds and in the spring, two years ago, won a £25 prize. In the autumn of the same year she won £1,000! What do you know? But no begging letters, please. The money is already in the hands of my coal merchants. I shall make no immediate change in my way of life. I shall await Budget day and "Ernie's" next divide.

HURSLEY. With the death of Sir George Cooper, it is likely that the Hursley Estate will be finally broken up. The big house west of Winchester, where the Winchester diversion to Otterbourne and the by-pass leads off to the right, has for some years been leased to industry. The estate was for decades pre-eminent for its sporting facilities and, living in a smaller house on it, Sir George enjoyed them to the end of his life. Now the heavy incidence of estate duty combined with an oblique inheritance seems to assure a break-up. I often take that road past Hursley and I can think of few acreages in any county so crammed with memories of well-known names in our social history as those which lie between Hursley and Otterbourne, a countryside not particularly beautiful, but peaceful and pleasant enough. Its history begins with Henry of Blois who had a fine castle there. Hursley recalls Cromwell's son Richard, who is buried in the churchyard, Sir William Heathcote, that model country gentleman, and John Keble, his parson and Oxford tutor. Otterbourne was the home of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the fields between Otterbourne and Hursley are criss-crossed with the ghostly footprints of many a Victorian worthy, male and female, young and old, including Florence Nightingale and Charlotte Yonge; and even Jane Austen has a not very remote connection in a passage in her life with young Mr. Bigg-Wither of Manydown, related to the Heathcotes.

"WHEN THE HORSES ARE STOLEN." Our times provide plenty of choice for the journalist in search of a light article or a funny paragraph. One might select the Bishop's plea for Lenten fasts for pet-dogs, or a dozen other current comic cuts. But I choose for this week the Lord Chamberlain's cuts in *Fings Ain't Wot They Used t' be*. Actually, Fings *are*. This musical has been running to laughter for a full year in the West End and is indeed two years old. And now the Lord Chamberlain has clamped down on a number of "not quite nice" passages. I dare say the Royal censor has a case. Some will say he was born too early. Others, justifiably, will say he strikes too late. British notions on censorship are certainly the most side-splitting of our national curios. We strain at gnats and swallow a camel whole. The censorship of plays is surely our No. 1 exhibit in our museum of curios. Theatre people must wish that a jury of twelve men (and women) true might be substituted for the Lord Chamberlain as their censor of morals. Juries are able to give an O.K. in a matter of hours. The Lord Chamberlain's mill grinds slowly and exceeding small. Lady Chatterley is nice, clean fun; Fings ain't wot they used t' be except in Stable Yard, St. James's. These horses are stolen. The stable door is shut too late.

LUMUMBA. Whatever caused the death of Lumumba, his death turns him into a martyr. In life, many people may justifiably have regarded him as a menace or even a monster. What is true of all political assassinations is true of Lumumba's death, however he died. It is never the end of a tragic story, for Amurath to Amurath succeeds and political quarrels are invariably more prolonged and embittered by such deaths. Certainly those who took Lumumba into custody took on responsibility for his life, and these men have done nothing at all to deny responsibility for his death. On the contrary, in the most cold-blooded way they have acknowledged their satisfaction in the destruction of what to them was vermin. Lumumba's death seems at the moment to make the Congo horror more insoluble than ever. If it were directly and individually a British responsibility, Mr. Macleod's heart might break. He has enough on his plate in Africa to-day without adding the oblique consequences of the tragedy of the Congo.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

PEPE

Its European première is on February 27 at the Columbia Theatre

Suzie (Shirley Jones) and Pepe (Cantinflas) sing the title song with the children of Taxco, Mexico

During the scare of the 1950's Hollywood was faced with the twin bugbears of television and falling cinema attendances and sought desperately to find a way out of the impasse. One solution, greatly favoured by studio chiefs, is that of the blockbuster, the long, expensive entertainment film, which can be liberally splattered with such adjectives as "colossal, lavish, star-studded, all-singing and all-dancing." Latest of these to reach London is Columbia's *Pepe*, starring one of the world's highest paid performers, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (He appeared in another blockbuster—*Around the World in 80 Days*.) Made in CinemaScope and technicolour, the film has a simple plot. Pepe, a poor Mexican ranch foreman, has set his heart on a horse, Don Juan, which he has raised from a colt. At the Vista Hermosa great annual horse auction in Mexico, he is thwarted in his bid to buy the horse by a failed Hollywood director, Ted (played by Dan Dailey). Pepe follows the horse to Hollywood, where he meets a wide selection of stars, all making personal appearances in the film, and Suzie Murphy (Shirley Jones). She is a frustrated actress working as a waitress-entertainer at a café called Kelly's Alley. Pepe is given a job by Ted, and visits Las Vegas, where he manages to win enough money to enable Ted to start making a film in Mexico. This story is no more than a vehicle for Cantinflas but it does give him an opportunity to display the talents which have made him an idol in Latin America. It also provides numerous opportunities for musical numbers from Maurice Chevalier, Sammy Davis Jnr. and Judy Garland, and dance numbers for Shirley Jones. Much of the picture was filmed in Mexico and Las Vegas.

In Hollywood, Pepe (Cantinflas) meets Jimmy Durante and **right:** talks to Suzie, an unhappy waitress. **Below:** Pepe in a scene near the Hacienda Vista Hermosa, Mexico

At Taxco, Pepe, played by the famous Mexican comedian Cantinflas, makes his final triumphant exit after his adventures in Hollywood and Las Vegas

Maurice Chevalier dances with the chorus at the Hotel Tropicana, Las Vegas

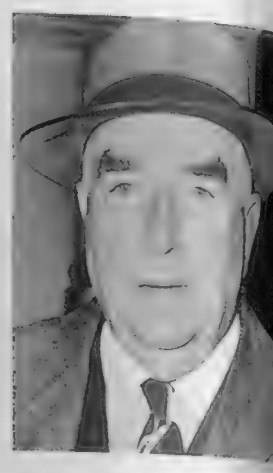
Sammy Davis Jnr. sings in the lounge of the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas

Mr. Macmillan in Lagos last year

THE VOICE OF THE CO

All the Heads of Government are expected to attend next month's meeting in person. One of them will be a woman. The biographical details of the eleven leaders given on these pages show something of the wide variation of backgrounds and circumstances from which they have come to rise to their top political offices in a community of some 600,000,000 people of many different races and religions. Next week, on the eve of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, "The Voice of the Commonwealth" will consist of an article entitled "The Commonwealth—Its Links and its Future," by Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, who was Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office from 1954 to 1959.

Mr. John G. Diefenbaker



Mr. R. G. Menzies

GREAT BRITAIN

MAURICE HAROLD MACMILLAN was born in London on February 10, 1894. His father was head of the family publishing business and his mother was an American. He was a scholar of Eton and an Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford, where he was a First-Class classicist. In the First World War he served in the Grenadier Guards and was wounded three times. In 1920 he married Lady Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. Elected M.P. in 1924, he became a prominent rebel against the policies of his own Conservative Party. Mr. Churchill gave him junior office in 1940 and then sent him to be Minister-Resident in N.W. Africa. Between 1951 and 1957, when he became Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan was successively Minister of Housing, Minister of Defence, Foreign Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is a good clubman and played cricket as recently as 1955.

Mr. K. J. Holyoake

NEW ZEALAND

KEITH JACKA HOLYOAKE numbers among his ancestors George Jacob Holyoake, a famous figure in the English co-operative movement, after whom Holyoake House, headquarters of the Co-operative Wholesale Society in Manchester, is named. An earlier forbear was headmaster of Rugby School from 1690 to 1731. His great-grandfather was one of the original party of New Zealand Company settlers who landed at Motueka in 1842 and in this district, on a small family farm of 30 acres, his parents grew tobacco, hops and fruit and kept a few cows. When he was twelve, Mr. Holyoake, who was born in 1904, left school to work on this farm so that his brothers could have advanced education. He was a keen Rugby player and lists tennis and gardening as his recreations to-day. He entered Parliament in 1932, and in 1957 was Prime Minister for four months. He became Prime Minister again last November.

CANADA

JOHN GEORGE DIEFENBAKER saw active service in the Army during the First World War and was invalided home. He is now sixty-five, and was elected to the Canadian House of Commons in 1940. He assumed leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party in January 1957 at a time when few political prophets conceded him a remote prospect of being asked to form a government. This request was made to him by the Governor-General as the result of the election six months later. On March 31, 1958, only nine months after becoming Prime Minister, he asked for another election and led his Party to the most sweeping electoral victory in Canada's history. The Conservative Government returned to office with 208 out of 265 seats in the Commons. One of the chief reasons for his success was undoubtedly his abiding faith in the Commonwealth. Until he became Prime Minister, he maintained an active law practice in Saskatchewan. A raconteur of note, he is never more relaxed than when recapturing the flavour of earlier times in his home province of Saskatchewan. For recreation Mr. Diefenbaker enjoys reading (with a particular interest in political biography and the history of the Canadian West), and fishing.

SOUTH AFRICA

DR. HENDRIK FRENSCH VERWOERD, with his white hair and quiet manner, has the appearance of a University professor. This is precisely what he has been. The sixty-year-old Prime Minister is an expert psychologist. He was born at Heidelberg in Transvaal and studied at Stellenbosch University and at the Universities of Hamburg, Leipzig and Berlin. In Europe he visited professional institutions in Britain, France and the Netherlands and he made a journey to the United States for the same purpose. In 1924 he was appointed Lecturer at the University of Stellenbosch and four years later became Professor of Applied Psychology there. In 1932 he was made Professor of Sociology and Social Work at the same university. (His training as a lecturer is still apparent to-day. When he is talking he has a habit of illustrating points by making sketches on a pad of paper.) Journalism claimed him in 1937 when he was the founding editor of the Afrikaans daily newspaper *Die Transvaler* in Johannesburg. He became Vice-Chairman of the National Party of Transvaal in 1946 and was elected a Senator in 1948. From 1950 until he became Prime Minister in 1958 he was Minister of Bantu Affairs. Dr. Verwoerd's recreation is fishing.

AUSTRALIA

ROBERT GORDON MENZIES who is of Scottish ancestry, will be the senior Prime Minister at the Conference in the sense that he was Prime Minister of Australia for the first time from 1939 to 1941. He returned to this office in 1949. Aged sixty-six, he inherited his interest in politics from his father, a store-keeper in the small Victorian town of Jepartit, who was a member of the Victoria Legislative Assembly. The young Menzies won an exhibition to the University of Melbourne, where he took first-class honours in Law and also showed talent as a poet. He was called to the Bar in 1918 and soon achieved a nation-wide reputation. At the age of thirty-four he became Australia's youngest K.C. His rise in politics began through the State Legislature. In 1934 he was elected to the Federal Parliament and a year later was Attorney-General. He resigned from the Cabinet in 1939 on a highly controversial issue. A few months later found he had the majority of his supporters behind him and became Prime Minister. He has an intense pride in his British ancestry and once declared "If there is anything which makes me sick it is to find an apologetic Britisher." Mr. Menzies is a keen follower of cricket and of Australian Rules Football.

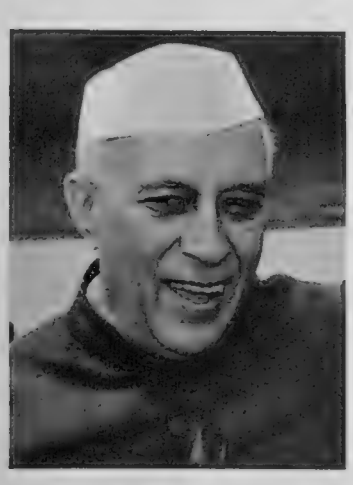
INDIA

SHRI JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, aged seventy-one, received his early education from private tutors in Allahabad. In 1905 the young Nehru was sent to England to Harrow School. He went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in Natural Sciences. On going down he qualified for the Bar and was called from the Inner Temple. He returned to India in 1912 and began to take an interest in the Indian National Congress. Curiously, he was not greatly impressed by Gandhi at their first meeting, but he soon became one of the great Mahatma's most devoted followers. Participation in non-co-operation and civil disobedience campaigns inevitably led to gaol. Altogether Mr. Nehru spent over eleven years in prisons where he wrote most of his books, including his *Autobiography*. In the '30's and '40's he was several times President of the Indian National Congress, and when India became Independent he was the obvious choice as Prime Minister. He has held this office and the Ministry of External Affairs ever since. His sister is Mrs. Pandit, High Commissioner in London. Mr. Nehru has a great fondness for children, animals, birds and mountains. For his daily exercise he depends on the Yoga system.

MONWEALTH

Profiles of the leaders who will meet at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London on March 8

Dr. H. F. Verwoerd



Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru

Tunku Abdul Rahman

Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa

Dr. Nkrumah in London

PAKISTAN

PRESIDENT MOHAMMAD AYUB KHAN, who will be fifty-four in May, will bring a background of Sandhurst to the conference table. He went from the Muslim University at Aligarh, to the Royal Military College, as it was then called, in February 1928. On being commissioned he was first attached to the Royal Fusiliers and then posted to the 14th Punjab Regiment. Before the Second World War he held a number of regimental appointments. During the hostilities he saw active service in Burma. At the time of the Partition the future President was Pakistan's representative on the Punjab Boundary Force. From 1951 to 1958 he was C.-in-C. of the Pakistani Army. He emerged as a political leader in the crisis of 1958 and assumed the Presidency. Field-Marshal Ayub Khan—he was accorded his baton two years ago—enjoys riding, fishing, shooting, walking, swimming, reading, driving, tennis and horticulture.

Field-Marshal Ayub Khan

MALAYA

TUNKU ABDUL RAHMAN PUTRA AL-HAJ, who was fifty-nine on February 8, comes of a Royal Family. His father was Sultan of Kedah. As a child the Tunku was not physically strong but he had a tough spirit. At the age of four he was at school studying Malay in the morning and English in the afternoon. Twelve years' later he was awarded a Kedah State Scholarship which took him to England and to St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. He returned to Malaya to join the Kedah Civil Service and went back to England in 1938 to study Law. The outbreak of the Second World War interrupted these studies and the Tunku could not resume them until 1947. He was called to the Bar from the Inner Temple two years later. In 1952 the Tunku formed the Alliance Party. He became Chief Minister of Malaya in 1955. He has written a play which has been filmed and is a patron of many sports.

CEYLON

MRS. SIRIMAVO BANDARANAIKE is not only the first woman to attend a Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. She is also the first woman Prime Minister anywhere in the world. Aged forty-four, she comes of a Kandyan land-owning family in the Ratnapura district, where her father was a senior local official. Although a Buddhist, she was educated at Roman Catholic convents in Ratnapura and Colombo. In 1940 she married Mr. Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike (Christ Church, Oxford and Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple) who at that time was Minister of Health in Ceylon. He became Prime Minister in 1956. Until her husband's death—he was assassinated in her presence in September 1959—Mrs. Bandaranaike took little direct part in politics. In May last year she was elected President of her husband's Sri Lanka Freedom Party (a party of the Centre). She did not stand for a seat in the general election of last July although she announced she would accept the Premiership if the S.L.F.P. gained a majority. When this happened she was elected to the Senate by the House of Representatives. Throughout her career Mrs. Bandaranaike has been active in social work among women. She has a son and two daughters.

GHANA

PRESIDENT KWAME NKRUMAH was born in September 1909 of a working-class family in a village in the then Gold Coast Colony. He was educated at a Roman Catholic Elementary School and at the Government Teachers' Training College in Achimota. He went on to Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., where he graduated as B.A. and the University of Pennsylvania, where he took an M.A. and an M.Sc. In his earlier career, President Nkrumah was at various times a school teacher and a university instructor. For the last seventeen years he has been almost entirely absorbed in politics. He was imprisoned in 1950 for inciting illegal strikes but released the following year and became Leader of Government Business in the Gold Coast Assembly. Dr. Nkrumah was the first Prime Minister of Independent Ghana in 1957. Last year when his country became a Republic he was elected President. He is a non-smoker, a virtual teetotaller and regards himself as a non-denominational Christian. His energy is inexhaustible and he seems to have very little time for recreation or leisure but he sometimes takes time off on yachting trips. He has written a number of books on political subjects especially in relation to Africa.

NIGERIA

ALHAJI SIR ABUBAKAR TAFAWA BALEWA was a teacher before politics claimed him. He was brought up in the village of Tafawa Balewa in Bauchi Province, northern Nigeria, where he went to the rural school. After two and a half years at Bauchi Provincial School, he was trained at Katsina Teachers' College. On leaving he was appointed to Bauchi Middle School and later became its Headmaster. In 1945 he was selected for a one-year course at the London Institute of Education where he obtained the Ministry of Education Teachers' Professional Certificate. On his return to Nigeria he was promoted Education Officer. The Alhaji embarked on his political career, first on the Emir's Council in Bauchi and then as a representative in the Northern House of Assembly. At the same time he was also the second Northern member on the Central Legislative Council. In 1954 he became Federal Minister of Transport. Three years later he was Prime Minister. Sir Abubakar is an eloquent speaker and has often been described as " the golden voice of the North." He is a strict Muslim. In his younger days his principal recreation was cricket. A keen motorist, he can often be seen driving himself through the crowded streets of Lagos.

Mrs. Bandaranaike with her Cabinet and Ceylon's Governor-General

BUNRATTY CASTLE

A remarkable medieval restoration in Ireland

Photographs by A. F. KERSTING

Visitors landing at Shannon airport in the south of Ireland can, in a few minutes' drive, reach a splendid monument recalling the Ireland of past centuries. This is Bunratty Castle, on the main Ennis-Limerick road. Eight years ago Lord Gort bought the buildings, then in an advanced state of decay, for £1,000. With the help of the Irish Tourist Board and the Board of Works he set out to restore the Castle to its medieval grandeur. The work was under the direction of Mr. John Hunt. Originally the site was part of a small island on the edge of the Shannon and strategically important because it commanded all traffic between the sea and Limerick. The Vikings were probably the first invaders to build a defence post there, and after them came the Normans, who built the first stone castle at the beginning of the thirteenth century. By 1500, either by marriage, purchase or war, it had passed into the hands of the powerful O'Briens who were Kings of Munster. When, in the third quarter of the sixteenth century, they became earls of Thomond, Bunratty was their principal stronghold.

The compelling attraction of restored Bunratty is that it in no way resembles a museum. Here is a castle as it were, "frozen in time" as if the Great Earl was still in residence. Many of the pieces are foreign since, unfortunately, only four articles of Irish furniture, before the end of the sixteenth century, are known to be in existence. Two of them are in the castle. However, castles in those days were furnished from all quarters of Europe and the present pieces might well have appeared in Bunratty 300 years ago. Entering the Great Hall, the visitor sees the raised dais with a high table upon it, which signified the dignity and importance of O'Brien himself. The furnishings of this great room are far richer than those of any other part. All these priceless treasures—the most important outside of the Lane Collection—have been presented to the Irish nation by Lord Gort. The battlements of the castle look down on a modern American-style hotel. Also close by is the first cottage of what is intended to be a model Irish Folk village.

The restored West Front of Bunratty Castle, in County Clare

Beyond the battlemer

An old Irish cottage re-erected at Bunratty and, **below:** the Shannon Shamrock Hotel

mouth of the River Shannon

A general view of the Castle. Great attention has been paid to detail in restoring it to its medieval appearance

The interior of the cottage which forms the nucleus for a Folk village

The Great Hall with its tapestries and period furnishing

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE ASPIDISTRA'S SAD FATE

The aspidistra, once Queen of the Parlour, went out of fashion with the antimacassar and the monkey-puzzle. To-day, it has only a few loyal adherents: and you will find those chiefly, I think, in the mining districts of the north. Certainly, you would now have to go a long way before you found one in the house of a " man of taste "; a term which includes, of course, all the inhabitants of suburbia, once the stronghold of the aspidistra. This is not merely because it is out of fashion. It has become, also, an object of ridicule: due very largely, I regret to say, to one of Miss Gracie Fields' more famous songs. It is a pity, I think; for the aspidistra is a most useful, good-tempered, and interesting plant.

Nobody really knows when the first aspidistra was introduced into Britain. But it is known when it was first found in Britain. That was in 1822 in the King's Road, Chelsea. There, in the hothouse of Messrs. Colville, *Aspidistra lurida* was discovered. The natural supposition is that one of the Colvilles had imported it. But, if so, they had no idea what it was, for it was unnamed, being labelled simply (and inaccurately) " a tropical plant." Two years later the Royal Horticultural Society obtained another species, *A. picta*, from a garden in China. It was at about this time that collectors and naturalists reported it growing wild in the sub-alpine woods of China and Japan. Nearly forty years later, in 1863 to be precise, a third species, *A. punctata*, was introduced from Hong Kong.

To begin with, the aspidistra seems to have been regarded solely as a hothouse plant. But once it was discovered that it was exceptionally adaptable and that propagation by division was easy, it spread like wildfire and soon became an indispensable item of Victorian indoor decoration. (I suppose that my earliest memory of a plant, although I cannot be sure about this, must be of an aspidistra. For my grandmother, who maintained to her death the indoor fashions of her youth, had a fondness for them and one large specimen was the sole decoration of the lavatory—other than the magnificent willow-pattern pan which, I remember, intrigued me greatly.)

The aspidistra really is exceptionally adaptable. It will flourish in the parlour window, and equally well in a draughty hall, on the landing at the head of the stairs, in a dusty corner. Moreover, it does not mind central heating or gas; conditions which are fatal to the vast majority of indoor plants. Well, perhaps " flourish " is not quite the right word. It will withstand those conditions. It is the most imperturbable of plants. But, given the care and attention that is its due—and how few ever got it !—it will flourish even under those conditions.

Many people, I have found, shudder at the name aspidistra and announce firmly that they would not give it house-room. This is not just a matter of its being out of fashion or ridiculous. When questioned, I have found, invariably, that they remember the plant as dull and dusty and flowerless. It is true that the large, broad, oblong leathery leaves do gather dust very quickly if they are unattended. Sponge them occasionally with warm soapy water—say, once a week—and you do not have dull leathery leaves, but fine glossy ones. But, though it is true that the aspidistra is very tenacious of life and will withstand dry conditions which would kill most other plants, regular watering does help. (But a word of warning about watering: this should be cut down in the autumn, when evaporation is much reduced. Browning of the leaves is usually, I think, due to over-watering at this season.) These things will help to keep the plant in good condition. But, if you put it out in the garden in the summer—especially during a warm shower—then it will flourish and may well produce flowers.

Most of the books, those that do deign to mention it (of which there are not many), say that the aspidistra flowers occasionally. I disagree. I believe that, given proper care, the aspidistra will flower regularly and that a good many flower that are never known to do so by their owners, who simply do not recognise the flowers as flowers. I did once know a lady who snipped off all the buds on her aspidistra with a pair of scissors because she did not know that they were flowers and thought that her plant was suffering from some fungoid disease. It is not as silly a mistake as it sounds. The flowers have thick fleshy petals—they are purplish-brown—and they do look rather like small puff-balls: an impression that is heightened by the fact that they appear just above soil level.

I do not think that even the most confirmed aspidistra-lover would call the flowers beautiful. But they are exceptionally interesting. For a long time botanists were puzzled by the curious structure—the stigma are mushroom-shaped —and wondered how they were fertilised. Observation finally proved that fertilisation is performed by slugs. A fact which is, I suppose, unlikely to increase the reputation of the aspidistra among gardeners. The aspidistra is not the only plant which indulges in this practice. There are one or two others: one, *Alocasia*, is said to poison the slug as soon as its work is done. But it is the only cultivated plant which gets its own back on the enemy.

If you think about this, I believe that you must feel sorry for the aspidistra, condemned to celibacy in some dim corner. For of one thing you can be certain: no one is going to introduce a slug into the house. Would it not be a kindness to liberate the aspidistra: to introduce it into gardens? It would not be unsightly, for it is a most handsome plant. Perhaps this has been done, and I do not know about it. But I have never seen aspidistra growing naturally in England. I have tried it myself more than once: but this garden is too exposed.

But the aspidistra has proved itself to be a singularly tough and adaptable plant. It is certainly much more so than many of the Chinese and Japanese plants which now enhance many of the gardens in England. And I cannot believe that the plant would not flourish in many districts in the West Country or along the west coast of Wales or in parts of western Scotland, if it were planted amongst rocks and was sheltered from the north. It would give the slugs some useful work to do too: and that would be a welcome change.

The Greek play at Bradfield College, in Berkshire. The school has a unique reputation for these performances

A master calls " Absence "—the traditional name for roll-call—in Weston's Yard at Eton during the Fourth of June celebrations at the school founded by Henry VI

A boy sits in his " Toye's," or cubicle, in his boarding house at Winchester

WHY SEND A BOY TO A PUBLIC SCHOOL?

By **VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER**

Victor Bonham-Carter was educated at Winchester (1927-32), *and sent his two sons to Bryanston, of which school he is now a Governor. He has been connected for ten years with Dartington Hall, the Devonshire estate which controls, among many other activities, a co-educational boarding-school. He has also served on a County Education Committee.*

First, what is a Public School? It is difficult to give an exact answer. To define it as membership of the Headmasters' Conference or the Governing Bodies Association is really begging the question. Yet it does give a clue in terms of statistics. For example, in a recent article in *The Times*, the Archbishop of Canterbury quoted the G.B.A. as including 133 independent schools (receiving no grant from public funds), 67 direct grant schools (receiving grants direct from the Ministry of Education), and eight others. By this reckoning the number of pupils involved is about 110,000. For the purposes of this enquiry, however, I prefer a stricter definition, more in line with the popular conception of Public Schools. Namely, fee-paying and (in the main) boarding-schools for boys aged thirteen to eighteen, independent of State subvention, and of more than local standing.

(*Continued on following pages*)

The statue of Sir Philip Sidney, an Old Salopian, tops the War Memorial at Shrewsbury. The Alington Hall is behind

The eighteenth-century ducal mansion which is now

WHY SEND A BOY TO A PUBLIC SCHOOL?

(Continued from previous page)

This reduces the number of schools considerably, and pupils to less than 5 per cent. of all boys receiving secondary education in the country—a fantastically low figure, in view of the privileges attaching to a Public School education. It is not surprising that Public Schools, so defined, have come under fire. They have been attacked from within and without: alike by disappointed old boys and by Leftist opponents of independent education. For the Public Schools, together with the Preparatory Schools, are socially as well as educationally independent, and form a tight enclave within the framework of the nation.

When the Second World War introduced radical changes to the life of this country, the end of the Public Schools was confidently foretold. They would have to be taken over by the State, it was claimed, since this was the only step consistent with genuine democracy. However, things have turned out quite differently. No take-over has been attempted, and the Public Schools are now in a stronger position than ever. All are full and most have long waiting lists, and many have raised large sums of money for extensions and improvements, extra scholarships, and the like. Academically the reputation of the majority is correspondingly high, so that although they are no longer accepted without reserve as the best preparation for life, they still command very powerful support.

Why then do so many parents send their sons to Public Schools as a matter of course? The sense of compulsion is strong, since the cost cannot very well be less than £500 to £600 per boy per year, and this takes some finding after deduction of tax. To send two boys at once and sustain a home calls for a considerable income, unless capital is expended, which of course it often is. In short, what exactly does a Public School offer, *as the parents see it*, which makes them willing to stint themselves in this way—instead of having their children educated at a State secondary school free of charge?

Dr. Thomas Arnold, who set the pattern at Rugby in the early nineteenth century, declared the following priorities for his boys: " first, religious and moral principle ; second, gentlemanly conduct ; third, intellectual ability." These principles, as developed by Arnold's successors, produced remarkable results. For eighty years or so after Arnold's death, three-quarters of the upper crust of British society was recruited from this source—Church, Law, Land, Professions, Business, Government and Services—in short the élite of Britain, at a time when this country was the first power in the world. That was a tremendous achievement, and hardly anyone had doubts about the system before the 1920s. Then came many doubts indeed. Even so the deep social changes brought about by the two world wars did not destroy the Public Schools, nor even deflect their aims. The substance of Arnold remains the same, and it makes as strong an appeal to parents as ever. Only the terminology is different.

Arnold's first two points, for example, might now be summed up as " formation of character," by whatever means that may be achieved. However it is done, Christian ethics are the driving force, now as in

Wellington College, in Berkshire, originated from a public subscription in honour of the me

Victorian times. " Intellectual ability " probably still comes third and last, however regrettably, although the standards of work required from the average boy are higher than in the past, and it is a poor school where most boys do not do well in " O " level of G.C.E., not to mention "A" level and university scholarships. A new second point—unnamed before though always implied—would be " useful contacts and friends after leaving school." Not every parent admits this, for it has little to do with true education; none the less it is a potent consideration. But whereas the order of points two and three may be debatable, there is no doubt about No. 1. The interpretation placed upon the training of character is still the chief difference between the Public and State systems of education.

What then is meant by character in this context? Broadly, I suggest, the quality of personality, but especially the moral quality. The aim of the Public School is not only to discover and develop a boy's innate gifts and mental capacity, but also to fix a certain code of thought and behaviour, which our fathers—who had no inhibitions about this—would have ascribed to a gentleman. Dr. Arnold, of course, made no bones about it. We perhaps can accept the word in its purely ethical sense, without the offensive overtones of class, as relating to anyone who is, say, honest, unselfish, loyal, steadfast, courageous, tolerant, willing to take responsibility, and ready to offer both service and leadership to the community to which he belongs.

Such is the ideal, at any rate, which is approached in two ways—internally and externally. By internally is meant the cultivation of the

entral building of Stowe School, founded in 1923

Boys in their straw hats walk past some of the buildings of Harrow School, which began as a Grammar School in 1571

the victor of the Battle of Waterloo

Clifton are batting in a home match against Malvern. In the background are some of the buildings of the school near Bristol

individual through religion, discipline of work, performance and enjoyment of the arts, encouragement of hobbies, private interests, sport, expeditions, and much else. By externally is meant the development of a sense of community, by seeing that a boy understands and obeys the rules of the school, takes part in its administration and activities, and learns to live with his fellows. Although no one pretends that character so formed is the monopoly of Public School boys, yet it is claimed that this method is the best one; and that it is closely associated with the system of boarding (by which the boy lives at school for the whole length of each term), with the generous provision of amenities (particularly of playing-fields and equipment, and in many cases of direct access to the countryside), and with the high ratio of staff to pupils. Finally, that tradition plays a large part in sustaining both ideal and method.

Character cannot, of course, be entirely divorced from intellect. Thus, in teaching, the parent is aware that most Public Schools are again well placed. Instruction is efficient, though not always imaginative, and the curriculum is geared to produce as many university entrants as possible, not least in science, for which greatly improved provision has recently been made. Above all classes are small, with an approximate average of twenty pupils, as compared with thirty or more in State schools. Nor is that all. In many Public Schools, senior boys receive what amounts to private tuition, which is only possible with a large staff of good quality, and with a sufficiency of accommodation and school time. Most teachers, too, are expected to contribute generously to activities outside the classroom, to an extent which is simply not possible in a State school.

How far all this adds up to a superior kind of education, and what the critics say about it, will be discussed in my next article. The point here is that parents are convinced they are getting the best return from their investment, which is not reckoned only in terms of character and intellect. There is also the social *cachet*, which many people consider of greater value than anything else. This is not just a matter of " useful contacts and friends," important though they may be. Indeed, the old school tie still counts. A boy can look forward to enjoying the freemasonry of a Public School background and the preferential treatment for jobs that still goes with it in many walks of life. Whether it is the aim or the outcome of the system is beside the point. A Public School education is U. At the end of his time—though raw in some ways—a Public School boy will have acquired a certain assurance, and an instinctive belief in his social status which he does not need to express. Others recognise it in him—in his speech, dress, habits, allusions, and companions—and however much he may try to conceal it, it stamps him for ever.

And so, in the final result, the Public Schools constitute a class system, and a tight one at that. Entrance scholarships may modify it a little, but not significantly. The criterion of entry is chiefly economic, for—in the great majority of cases—only those who can afford the fees can have their sons educated in this way. Whether the Public Schools do in fact live up to their pretensions, and whether they are likely to survive, will be my subject next week.

TRAVEL

LITTLE KNOWN PART OF BAVARIA

By **GORDON COOPER**

In north-eastern Bavaria lies the Bayrischer Wald. It is a stretch of hilly, sometimes mountainous, countryside which stretches from Passau in the south to the Oberpfälzer Wald in the north, having a southern boundary along the Danube as far as Regensburg. On the other side it follows the Czech frontier, which is guarded by a strict "Iron Curtain" of electrified barbed-wire fences, machine-gun look-outs, and a stretch of scorched land within Czechoslovakia. On the German side it offers comparative emptiness to the holiday-maker seeking to get away from the beaten track.

Here you can escape from the infested roads of Western Germany, with their lines of motor-cars, heavy vehicles and the fumes of diesel oil. It has also the virtue of cheapness, for you can lodge comfortably for less than a pound a day on full pension. Again, because there are no luxury hotels you will find an informal friendliness with the people you encounter. They have not yet been discovered by the travel agent and his package tours.

Regensburg is a good place from which to enter the Bayrischer Wald, preferably by car. The railways leading through it are limited: branch lines lead to Furth-im-Wald and to Bayerisch-Eisenstein—the latter would be a pleasant resort in which to stay, even though the frontier here actually cuts through the small town. A recommended hotel is the Neuewaldhaus, while a few miles away is the first-class Sport Hotel at Brennes; this is a base for rambles in the Arber area, with Mount Arber (4,780 ft.) and the delightful Arber Lake.

Furth-im-Wald is noted for its traditional ceremony of "Spearing the Dragon," which is held every year on the second Sunday in August. An imitation dragon some 50 ft. long and weighing more than a ton is "killed" by a brave knight on horseback. The hero, however, must be careful not to miss stabbing a pig's bladder filled with ox-blood, so that the animal can spout blood.

Further north I liked the Wald Café, just over a mile outside of Waldmünchen and two miles from the frontier. This inn has comfortable rooms, good food, and it would be an ideal spot for those seeking a quiet holiday. There is nothing much to do except to go for walks in the surrounding wooded countryside. Apart from the hotel at Brennes, the only other first-class hotel in the Bayrischer Wald is the Wast Israege at Bischofsmais; but I was very satisfied with the Schlosshotel at Falkenfels and at nearby Mitterfels (Café Perlbachtal), and in both places the air is like champagne. Lam and Englmar are two other pleasant spots in which to stay.

For the motorist, a suggested itinerary would be: Regensburg—Roding—Waldmünchen—Furth-im-Wald—Lam—Brennes—Bayerischer-Eisenstein—Bodenmais—Englmar—Falkenfels—Mittelfels—Oberalteich (church)—Metten (famous Benedictine abbey with interesting baroque church and library)—Deggendorf (where you can eat well at the Hotel Aschenbrenner)—Bischofsmais—thence along the Ostmark Strasse to Passau. Travelling leisurely, I would suggest night stops in Waldmünchen, Bayerischer-Eisenstein, Falkenfels or Mittelberg, and Bischofsmais. Two or three days can be well spent in Regensburg, another couple in Passau. It is really only in these two terminal points that there is much of architectural interest, although the abbey at Metten should not be missed.

There is much to see in Regensburg, for it was for many centuries one of the most important and wealthiest of the free Imperial cities. Its cathedral is one of the finest Gothic churches in Germany, and it has a remarkable west portal: a pier that forms a double archway and is laden with sculptured figures. The interior, too, is magnificent. If opportunity offers, do not miss hearing the Regensburger Domspatzen (sparrows), a famous boys' choir, who sing on Sunday mornings, also occasionally at Mass on weekdays.

In addition to the cathedral, two other churches not to be missed are the Scottish Church and St. Emmeram. Then, there is the Rathaus, with its great Reichsaal and a curious, medieval torture-chamber, with many gruesome instruments of torture, some of which have facetious names: the "larded hare," the "Spanish ass," and "wicked Bess." In contrast, there is the delightful medieval Hinter der Grieb street, with its towered houses. It is pleasant to ramble through Roman Ratisbona, whose gastronomic speciality is sausages, which you can eat with delight in the riverside Historische Wurstküche, and wash down with excellent beer.

Close to the city is the Walhalla, a rather pompous monument erected by King Ludwig I in memory of notable men of Germany. Two busts of women are included: Maria Theresa and Catherine of Russia; but I liked best the view over the Danube Valley from the terrace. Then there is the curious Befreiungshalle, a huge rotunda commemorating the "Wars of Liberation" against Napoleon. The interior contains a kind of ballet of angelic maidens in marble—a Teutonic fantasy. I much preferred the nearby Abbey Church at Weltenberg where the interior baroque decorations are by the Asam brothers and which combine to form a masterpiece.

Passau, the Roman Castra Batava, has a striking situation, for it stands at the junction of three rivers: the Inn, the Ilz, and the Danube. In the old town, there is the dominating cathedral, with the largest organ in the world. Recitals are given daily in summer. But I like most the panoramic views over the city, best obtained from the bridge over the Inn and also from a footbridge close to St. Severin's Church. Passau, too, is a pleasant place in which to stroll, for it has many crooked streets and steep alleys, as well as the beautiful Inn Promenade.

You should not miss the fourteenth-century *Heilige Geist*, where you can eat well and sip good wine while absorbing the wise advice given on a displayed quotation: "Alcohol is called the enemy of man, and this is well known in every land. But in the Bible it is written you should love even your enemies." I have always endeavoured to follow this wise ruling.

For further information regarding the Bayrischer Wald I suggest applying either to the German Tourist Information Bureau (61, Conduit Street, W.1) or to the Information Office in Regensburg.

The small village of Blaibach, on the Regen, a tributary of the Danube

HOLIDAY FOR TEENAGERS

Although some parents are naturally diffident about allowing their teenage children to go abroad on their own I feel safe in recommending a fourteen-day teenage holiday organised by Ramblers' Association Services Ltd. (48, Park Road, N.W.1). This is quite an adventurous excursion exploring the deep forests, romantic castles, and picturesque villages that lie between the Moselle and the Rhine. The walking is easy—about eight to ten miles a day—but it is varied, with plenty of time for swimming and browsing around. The accommodation is in youth hostels, and I might add that those in Germany are about the best in Europe, and they include several converted medieval castles. The tour ends with a steamer trip right through the great Rhine gorge. This tour is from August 6-19, and the inclusive cost is £23 15s.

The passenger liner *Empress of Canada* is manœuvred into dry-dock at Wallsend on Tyne. She was towed from her berth at Vickers-Armstrongs, yard at Walker-on-Tyne for a mile to Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson's yard, the only dry-dock on the river large enough to take the 27,000-ton vessel. She is receiving her finishing touches before sailing on her trials next month. The *Empress of Canada* is due to leave on her maiden voyage from Liverpool in April, as the new flagship of the Canadian Pacific line. She has been built at a cost of over £8,000,000, the biggest dollar export order obtained by a British shipyard for nearly a quarter of a century. The liner, which will carry 1,060 passengers, joins her two sister-ships, *Empress of Britain* and *Empress of England*, as the third post-war replacement on the Canadian Pacific express service between Liverpool and Canada

AN "EMPRESS" IN DRY DOCK

BOOKS

PRIVATE SECRETARY'S VIEW

A biography of Gilbert Harding; autobiography and history; and this week's list of novels

The only biography which I can remember to have been published within a few months of its subject's death and yet to have been a successfully objective portrait was Miss Daphne du Maurier's *Gerald*, and that study of her father was the best thing the author has yet written. GILBERT HARDING (Barrie and Rockliff. 15s.), by his private secretary, Mr. Roger Storey, does not come into the same category. It is not, in the exact sense of the word, a biography at all but a sketch of this widely popular figure as seen by one who was a close associate of his for eight years and who has wished to record his impressions while they were still fresh. The pity is, not that the writer's style is naïve or inadequate, but that the picture he gives is so consistently that of a man in seriously bad health, a man of uncontrollably bad temper and liable to frequent bouts of over-drinking. The Gilbert Harding one can remember, the brilliant conversationalist, the quick-witted exponent of repartee and the apt quoter of chapter and verse—these are absent in spite of what one feels to be a very genuine desire on Mr. Storey's part to convey just these qualities.

FAINTLY SMILING MOUTH (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is a further volume of autobiography by Mr. Eric Bligh, covering, in his very individual way, the years from 1908 to 1914 and discoursing now on the objects of his young love, now on the London, and particularly the South London of his youth. Mr. Bligh's writing has the ease and spontaneity of an inspired letter-writer and there is an excellent reason for this. He was afflicted with a bad stammer and would often put his thoughts on paper, writing to his friends the thoughts and impressions that a less handicapped person would have communicated in speech. This vital drawback of his has been turned to our delight and I recommend this charming and often provocative book to you with confidence.

Mr. Edward Wakeford's autobiography, A PRIZE FOR ART (Macmillan. 25s.), is written with the visual awareness of a good painter and that gift of making fresh discoveries in mundane sights which distinguishes them. His childhood in the Isle of Man—a childhood described with almost magical clarity from the child's and not the reminiscing adult's point of view—was dominated by the figure of his father, who was a clergyman and remarkable for his enthusiasms and idealism. His forays into the realm of the practical were also impressive, for had he not proclaimed his three fields as suitable for camping sites when, in fact, they were, and remained, suitable only for goats? When a branch of Woolworth's opened nearby had he not, just as typically, decreed that it was the emporium of the common man and should be patronised, a decree which resulted in a shower of tinselly and unsuitable purchases? But both he and the author's half-Polish mother, lost in a dream of past happiness in Switzerland (it was that kind of family), were united in their determination to get for their younger son the future recognition which he deserved as an artist. This is a record of happiness and something more virile than nostalgia. The chapters on war service in the Middle East are improbable, funny and blazingly true. His discovery of London's byways almost as good. Altogether, an unusual, uneven, unrehearsed and wholly enjoyable volume.

MR. AND MRS. PETER COTES are shown a book on Australia by Sir Eric Harrison (left), the Australian High Commissioner in London. Well known as a theatre and television producer, Mr. Cotes has sailed to Australia to direct plays on Melbourne's commercial television. He is accompanied by his wife, Joan Miller, whom he has directed in many successful stage and television plays

PROVINCIAL DAUGHTER (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) is one of those rare cases of a child assuming its parent's mantle and proving it a very fair fit. Miss R. M. Dashwood's mother was the late and greatly missed E. M. Delafield, and in this new departure a clever daughter, entirely sympathetic to her mother's mood and, as she says herself, certain of her mother's warm forgiveness if there is anything plagiaristic about the writing, has given us details of a young wife-and-mother's country life. Charming and all the better for being reminiscent of an earlier melody.

PRINCES OF MONACO—*The Remarkable History of the Grimaldi Family* (Barker. 30s.), is just what the sub-title suggests: the story of an ancient family whose landmarks and heritages date from the thirteenth century. The accepted and usual picture of Monaco is, in fact, Monte Carlo, but the rock of Monaco in this tiny principality is its true hub, facing the much publicised Casino and the elegant small town across a harbour which provides good anchorage for some of the glossiest yachts in the world. Monaco harbour is not in the present day even a near cousin to the Mediterranean fishing ports which exist up and down that enchanted coast, but it is still the hub of activity and, one way and another, the money-making centre of the region. What is more interesting and, to most of us, more unexpected, is to learn how it was chosen as the eventual stronghold of

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SCHOOL CHAPLAIN

Life at Cheltenham College by a former Rector

The vital strength of the Public School system has lain from the outset in the sense of fellowship and common endeavour that belongs to any close-knit, well directed community. In such a community we all know that there are some dangers as well as massive advantages. These moral dangers do not have to be over-emphasised, nor must they be submerged. Canon J. B. Goodliffe, formerly Rector of Cheltenham, with half a lifetime of experience in tackling the problems of adolescence, has written a splendid book under the title SCHOOL CHAPLAIN (Macmillan. 15s.). Parents will appreciate his frankness and common sense, his absolute directness in discussing matters of sex; but they will see in this description of his work at Cheltenham a much wider picture of the duties of chaplain who must be guide, philosopher and friend and, in opening the door of opportunity in life, must achieve his work in a very quiet way. What will deeply interest many readers is the manner in which Canon Goodliffe managed to link the life of Cheltenham College with the life of his Cheltenham parish.

There are seven sheikhdoms on the Trucial Coast, which stretches along the Persian Gulf and reaches out to the hinterland and the ill-defined borders of Saudi Arabia. Technically the sheikhs have a truce with each other, and they are supposed to abstain from the activities which once brought this part of South-East Arabia the name of the Pirate Coast. When Captain Anthony Shepherd found himself seconded a year or two ago from his regiment in occupied Germany to the Trucial Scouts he was plunged at once into a life of high adventure and a fair share of danger. For it he was equipped, he asserts, with such useless articles as a swordstick, an underwater fishing mask and a sharkskin dinner jacket. In ARABIAN ADVENTURE (Collins. 21s.), this British Army officer takes us into the heart of the sheikhdoms. Between patrolling and fighting, Captain Shepherd was kept busy sitting cross-legged at princely feasts, ever awaiting, amid all the small talk, some vital titbits of news in respect of contraband, the while he indulged in nightmare dishes of sheeps' eyes, tongue, brains, liver and tough old goat.

Another engaging traveller is Andrew Wilson. His NORTH FROM KABUL (Allen and Unwin. 25s.), reveals Afghanistan as few have seen it. He has something of the same quality as Captain Shepherd's writing, with a touch of John Buchan thrown in. Mr. Wilson travelled for the most part by decrepit trucks and buses, and up near the borderland, where Afghanistan meets the U.S.S.R., he stumbled on Russian oil prospectors, mapping parties, and technicians actually engaged in tunnelling through the Hindu Kush.

Two Royal families of the Middle East command attention in new books this week. Gerald de Gaury's THREE KINGS IN BAGHDAD (Hutchinson. 25s.) tells the poignant story of Faisal of Mecca, the man who fought with Lawrence, took over the new Kingdom of Iraq and died, worn-out by the problems of the Arab world. His successor, King Ghazi, who was to die tragically in a motor accident, and the third King, Faisal II, destined to be murdered in his own palace, complete this picture of failure that came so tantalisingly near to success. MISSION FOR MY COUNTRY (Hutchinson. 30s.) is a personal account by the Shah of Iran of day-to-day tasks, and is really a rather carefully worded autobiography assembled with the help of many advisers. The style is stilted, but the idea behind the book, setting out so well the Shah's liberal policies, is of the deepest interest.

Margaret MacLaren of MacLaren, the wife of the chief of her clan, has written a fascinating history of THE MACLARENS (published by Eneas Mackay of Stirling, at 21s.). In a way this book is a rallying call to MacLarens in every corner of the world, notably Canada, the United States and South Africa, asking them to form Clan Societies and join in a general policy of "togetherness." Nothing could better inspire unity than this excellent historical narrative.

R. C. E.

this ancient family, and this is explained with considerable art by Françoise de Bernardy in her sober historical account of the rise and survival of a small but resilient dynasty.

On the jacket of THE VATICAN FROM WITHIN (Harrap. 21s.) is a profiled photograph of the present Pope, John XXIII, wearing the triple crown and the benign, sagacious smile which the world already knows. To many people who are not Catholics he seems to represent a new wave of liberal feeling in his worldwide religious organisation but a great part of M. Corrado Pallenberg's book is devoted to an account of his predecessor's career and the rest to a survey of the Vatican as it has been run in the past few decades. Incidentally, the author is not himself a Catholic but a moderately objective Roman, who writes about his own conviction that the threat to the Catholic Church is not specifically Communism but indifference.

From such high matters to a consideration of this week's novels which, by and large, fall into the classification of interesting rather than stimulating. THE RIGHT HAND MAN (Chapman and Hall. 15s.), by Mr. James Tucker, is very much a story of our own times, the record of a struggle between a young man's conscience and his admiration for his chief who, though admittedly brilliant and able, is fighting for his own advancement and power rather than for the future of the industry which he partly controls. Persuasive to a certain degree and deeply felt.

Mr. James Leo Herlihy's ALL FALL DOWN (Faber. 16s.) has a more explosive and essentially American impact on the reader. It is the tale of a family in Ohio, dimly suspected by their neighbours of being odd but in fact consisting of a drunken father, a mother, a roving older son and a younger son who has idolised his brother and played truant from school in order to fill scores of notebooks with his own recordings of family happenings. When the older brother returns, the effect on the little family, and particularly on the younger boy, is explosive and nearly disastrous. Effective, disturbing and quite possibly the presage of a major talent in novel writing.

YOUNG MAN WILLING (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.), by Mr. Roy Doliner, has a New York and, more specifically, a Broadway setting and is quite evidently the work of a young man, although that in no way precludes a smattering of talent. The scenes are episodic and jerkily assembled but there is an urgency about the writing which is attractive and a sense of experiment and novelty which can take the place of solid achievement.

M. Philippe Sollers is a young French writer whose first novel, A STRANGE SOLITUDE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), has already been praised by such eminent fellow writers as Aragon and Mauriac. It is brief, it is admirably translated by Mr. Richard Howard and it is the poignant story of a boy's love for an older woman told not in terms of sentiment but in the most lucid, etching-clear terms. Fine, unsentimental stuff.

DARK SPLENDOUR (Hutchinson. 16s.) follows Miss E. M. Almedingen's earlier story of the Englishman who helped Peter the Great to build his city by the Neva and recounts the fortunes of that man's son in the corrupt court of Peter's successor, Anne of Courland. Colourful, full of action and persuasive.

Only one thriller this week but what a good one! Miss Patricia Highsmith, whose output seems far too sparing, has written THIS SWEET SICKNESS (Heinemann. 16s.) about a young man obsessively in love with a girl who has married someone else and, after his murder, re-marries another harmless type. The publishers have called this book chilling. So it is, to the highest degree. It is also a winner.

Vernon Fane

The Young Man (Christopher Gable) and The Young Girl (Lynn Seymour) in Frederick Ashton's new ballet

In the gipsy encampment the Young Man kisses the Gipsy Girl (Elizabeth Anderton), watched by her lover (Robert Mead)

LES DEUX PIGEONS
at the Royal Opera House

Given its première last week for the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund, Frederick Ashton's new work is a tale of true love and its attendant difficulties, set in a Paris artist's studio and a gipsy encampment. The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones attended the gala. In accordance with his recent custom, the choreographer has chosen to revitalise an old work—in this case a nineteenth century French adaptation of a La Fontaine fable, with music by André Messager, a pupil of Saint-Saëns. For his version of *Les Deux Pigéons*, Ashton has provided his own allegorical story to Messager's music—the hero, a painter, loses interest in his model whom he has loved; he is charmed by a gipsy girl and follows her back to her encampment, but is rebuffed and returns to his first love. The principal roles are danced by Lynn Seymour, Christopher Gable and Elizabeth Anderton.

In a studio in Paris are The Young Girl (Lynn Seymour) and her friends

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Lionel Fraser

Best described as a banker and industrialist, Mr Fraser's principal activities centre round his chairmanship of the banking firm of Helbert, Wagg and Co. Ltd. and of Thomas Tilling Ltd., the Industrial Holding Company, consisting of twenty-eight main subsidiaries, with varied interests. In order to give himself more freedom, he resigned last year from the chairmanship of Babcock and Wilcox Ltd. Mr. Fraser started his business career in a small banking house in the City of London. He joined the London Scottish in January 1914 and served in the First World War in France, the Dardanelles and Egypt. During the Second World War he served throughout at the Treasury. He was chairman of the Issuing Houses Association from 1946-48. In the post-war years he was active in local Government work as a member of the Chelsea Borough Council and Chairman of its Finance Committee. Mr. Fraser is a strong protagonist of the City of London, feeling that its contribution to the life of the nation is of incalculable importance and not sufficiently understood or appreciated. He is a trustee of the Tate Gallery and is keenly interested in contemporary painting. Married with two children, Mr. Fraser lives in Chelsea. He has no country home, liking the peace and quiet of London at the week-end. He and his wife enjoy exploring picture galleries and antique furniture shops, and they play golf at the New Zealand Golf Club, near Woking. Their elder son, Nicholas, is in his father's banking business, and the younger son, Robert, is a picture dealer in New York

SURFACES TO WORK ON

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Consider the kitchen sink; the time comes, for the most literary or theoretical of us, when we have to. I have had to, over the last few weeks, wearing not the disinterested smile of the industrial correspondent but the anxious frown of the man who has just bought a fresh house and has to pay for what his wife wants to do about the kitchen. It is a biased approach to a range of industrial products; but perhaps not an irrelevant one.

Your new kitchen sink can be made of fireclay, of vitreous enamel, of stainless steel, of fibreglass reinforced plastic, recently of Perspex, reputedly of high-density polythene, rarely, and for these days somewhat exotically, of teak (this is the "butler's sink," and almost as prized and infrequent as the butler). Teak is rather less unusual for the draining board, which can be made out of all the other materials too; this and other "working surfaces," in addition, can be made out of a variety of other materials, mainly plastic or metal laminates on to wood. Some of these materials have been available in Britain only since the war; it is probably not too much to say that they have transformed the appearance of a proportion of British kitchens—along with a much larger proportion of British snack bars, canteens and showrooms. Laminates such as Formica or Warerite have done as much to introduce plastics into the landscape of ordinary living in the '50's as perhaps any other development of that fast-growing and multifarious industry.

These laminates, and the backing materials on which they are often fixed, can be considered as giving a variety of constructional materials (but primarily wood) with a working surface comparable to that of metals or vitreous materials. Some exceptionally hard woods have such a surface naturally; teak has exceptional wearing properties, while certain woods such as lignum vitae can be used as working surfaces for the heaviest and most demanding applications such as bearings for ships' propellor shafts. But in general wood has a relatively soft surface, particularly when wet, and is liable to scratch or splinter. This is one of its disadvantages; another, when one comes to precision work, is that as a natural material it has an inherent variability of structure and shape, particularly when it gets wet or warm. The plastic laminates, many of which themselves, in spite of their appearance, owe a good deal to wood twice removed, can supply the hardness and the resistance to surface wetness or warmth; and certain of the varieties of "pre-digested" wood, particularly the more recently developed blockboards and chipboards, can supply the stability of texture and shape that is lacking in natural wood.

The natural texture of wood, and the natural "direction" of its strength (have you ever tried to get a really long board of mahogany into any structure that demands dead straightness?), are acceptable and even enjoyable conditions for the cabinet-maker or the joiner, who can always to some degree adjust his execution of a design to the idiosyncrasies of his given material. They may be less acceptable when wood needs to be used in conjunction with other materials that are manufactured with precision and dimensional stability. They are also, on occasion, a little too much for the amateur craftsman—and retail sales of wood to "do it yourself" enthusiasts of one kind and another form a large and growing element in the timber business.

The longest-established method of increasing the stability of natural timber—beyond what can be done by giving the natural wood time to season, or curing it in a variety of ways—is the manufacture of plywood. This technique is less than a century old; its arrival depended upon the development of machines capable of cutting the very thin veneers and internal layers which when placed with the grains in different directions, glued into a structural sandwich, and cured, give plywood its considerable stability and strength. For many years the very name, particularly when applied to furniture, had a somewhat dubious ring; most people, still, probably feel that "solid" wood of whatever kind they choose, is preferable when they are buying furniture. Some timber merchants and furniture manufacturers will just bluntly disagree; given the bonding power of modern urea-formaldehyde glues and the strength that several layers can put behind the veneer of the surface wood that you want, they claim plywood is perfectly adequate if not superior in most parts of a piece of furniture.

Plywood is one of the backing materials upon which decorative laminates and surfaces are often mounted; among others, blockboard and chipboard, are more recent developments. Blockboard is a heavier form of "manufactured wood," in which the surface veneers are sandwiched around thicker strips of softwood with the usual glues and cooked to cure the whole slab; it is strong, may be heavy, and has the advantage of allowing wood to be used for the filling in the sandwich of qualities that could not ordinarily be used for cabinet-making or similar purposes. Hardboard and chipboard are entirely "manufactured" forms of wood, in which the wood is shredded or shaved down into very small particles and then reconstituted under heat and pressure into a solid of entirely different structure. Hardboard is the harder and thinner of these; shredded wood fibre, softened by steam into a pulp, is mixed with resin and size, felted on a continuous forming machine, and pressed in a heated hydraulic press. It is seldom thicker than one-quarter of an inch, very hard and very strong.

Chipboard is a wood composition board made in thicknesses from about three-eighths of an inch to just over one inch; the particles of wood in it are not felted as in hardboard, but synthetic resin glues provide the main bonding strength. Satisfactory methods of manufacturing it were not developed until the Second World War; perhaps the best known is the "Bartrev" press developed by the Vere Manufacturing Company of Marks Tey. In this process, wood shavings are fed into an automatic machine, dried by high frequency heating, impregnated with synthetic resin and formed into a board mat, and then pressed out between electrically-heated metal plates, which finally pass out a long strip of hardened board of any required thickness, which makes an ideal backing for any kind of working surface.

At the woodchip board plant of the Airscrew Company and Jicwood Ltd., at Weybridge, Surrey, woodchips are formed into "mattresses" of the required thickness. The modern plant only came into operation in mid-1959

The decorative surfaces to which we have become so accustomed in recent years themselves have a distant relationship to wood—in that most of them are, quite simply, tremendously hardened paper. Paper, at least, forms the core of these sheets, and incidentally makes it possible for them to be offered in so wide a variety of colours and designs, which are simply printed upon the top surface paper before it is "transformed" into the plastic surface. The plastic employed has to be of the thermo-setting variety, which once formed into a given shape cannot be softened and altered in shape by heat as thermoplastic materials can; ordinarily one uses cellulose or asbestos papers, and plastics of the melamine family, which offer a hard finish and a wide variety of light colours. Some of the harder-working surfaces—used more often in industry than in the kitchen—are formed from fabric "fillers," and here phenolic resins, the longest-established of all plastic materials, are generally used.

Materials such as Formica or Warerite are manufactured by impregnating rolls of paper with the plastic materials dissolved in a solvent to form varnish, drying the paper in an oven, and then pressing several layers of the impregnated paper, between stainless steel sheets at about 250-350 degs. Fah., in a special curing press. The surface thus formed is hard and impervious to moisture, with considerable resistance to moderate heat; if one wants to make it resistant to greater heat at any given point, such as a glowing cigarette end, a layer of aluminium foil can be put in that will dissipate the heat by conducting it over the whole

(Continued on following pages)

The interior decoration of new coaches for the Central Line of London's Underground makes extensive use of light-coloured Warerite plastic panelling and stainless steel

A table surface in Hardec, made by the Airscrew Company and Jicwood Ltd.

Fifty sheets of light and dark walnut polished Hardec were used in the panelling of the hall of the Stanborough Hydro Maternity and Nursing Home, Watford

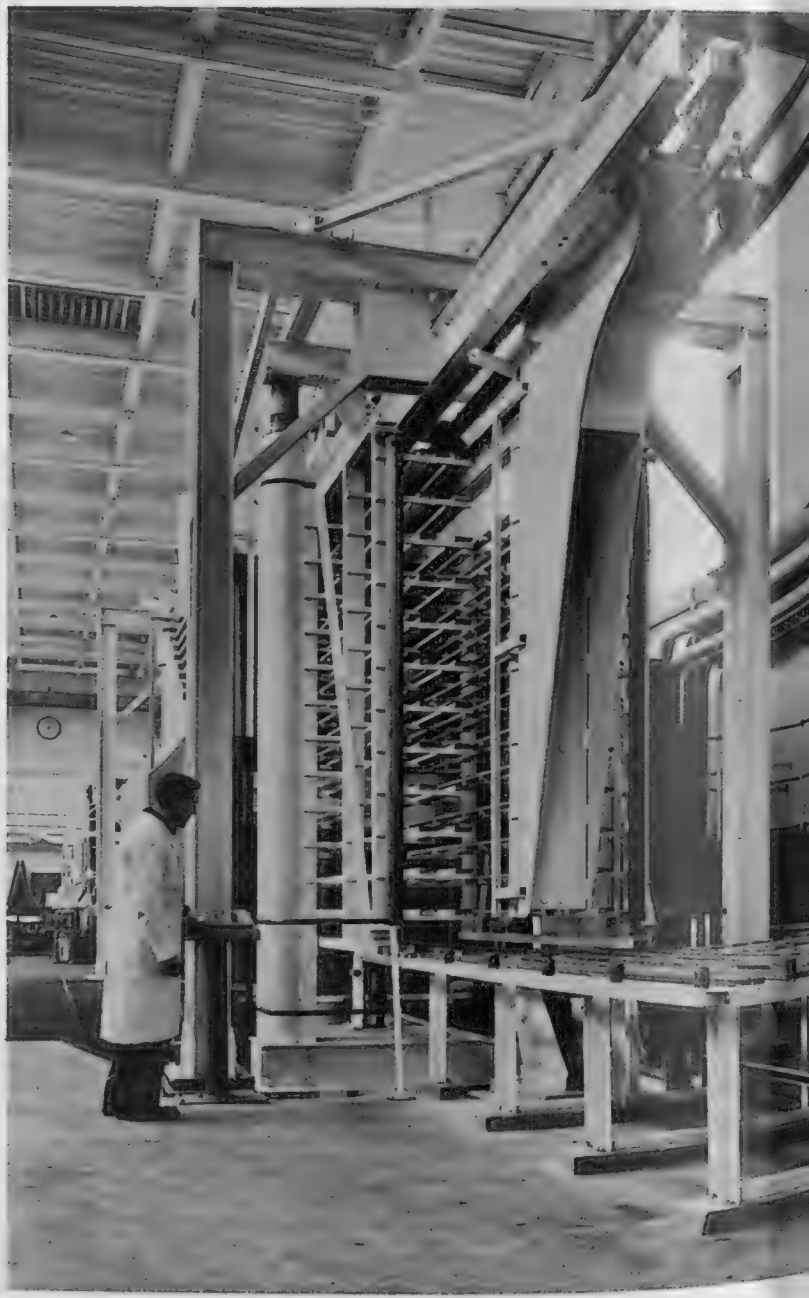
SURFACES TO WORK ON

(*Continued from previous page*)

surface of the sheet. The sheets are rigid, and generally sold alone for attachment to any chosen surface; but some laminates, such as the Weydec produced by the Airscrew Company and Jicwood Limited, are sold already attached to a board backing.

In 1960, Britain probably produced about 12,000 tons of these plastic laminated sheets—say 50,000,000 sq. ft. of them. About 60 per cent. of these went into homes, 25 per cent. into architectural and building uses, and the rest into shipbuilding. Perhaps 9,000,000 sq. ft. were sold already surfaced on to hardboard or chipboard. The market was becoming pretty competitive; though British makers exported quite large quantities, they had to face substantial imports (1,000,000 sq. ft. of one Swedish laminate, Perstorp, went into the *Canberra*). Total consumption has continued to grow, though not as rapidly as it had done in previous years.

These materials, with their imperviousness to moisture and their fairly high resistance to staining or scratching, have introduced an entirely new set of alternatives to the kitchen. Being produced themselves as rigid sheets, they have seldom so far been offered as complete mouldings; but they can be used with other plastics to take most of the metal and much of the clatter out of the sink and its surroundings. Whether the housewife considers that the metal has other qualities outweighing the clatter is a matter upon which your industrial correspondent, as has recently been made clear to him, is not competent to advise; and just which plastic materials have just what qualities in this connection is something about which housewives—and, for that matter, kitchen equipment merchants—seem to disagree. But widening the housewives' choice of working surfaces has proved a good business for these manufacturers (if a rather wearing one for husbands).



The new press at the Formica Ltd. factory, Tynemouth, used in making decorative and industrial laminates. The factory is the largest laminating plant in Europe

At the " dry-end " of the impregnator, the paper, having been impregnated with resin, is reeled up again for use in the production of Warerite decorative laminates

Part of the decoration of the ticket hall of the new railway station at Chichester is the blue Hedgerow Warerite façade, measuring 35 ft. by 20 ft. above the ticket counters

Some of the patterns introduced by Bakelite Ltd. in Warerite decorative laminated plastics are displayed in the firm's showroom in Grosvenor Gardens, London

The developing riverside—(left) is the new Millbank tower block and (right) a group of new buildings in structural concrete. Nearest of the bridges is Lambeth Bridge and

CHANGING LONDON

The new Millbank tower block, which will house the Vickers Group of companies and for which the main contractors are John Mowlem and Co. Ltd., will be London's highest office building. It is part of the redevelopment of both sides of the Thames planned by the L.C.C., utilising towers to integrate the views along the river. High office buildings like Millbank and the new Shell building complement existing structures like Big Ben and the Victoria Tower. A further area in which redevelopment is altering the appearance of London streets is the City. There are numerous new office buildings, some completed and others under construction. Moor House, for instance, which was built by the Token Construction Co. Ltd., is a 223-ft.-high reinforced concrete structure with offices on sixteen floors, shop accommodation on the ground and first floors, and a car-park for sixty vehicles in the basement. It stands next to the recently completed National Telephone Exchange of the G.P.O., for which contractors were Tersons Ltd. Change also came to Chelsea Barracks, which was demolished to make way for new buildings. Married soldiers quarters will be in two 14 storey blocks giving a total of 104 flats. There is a five storey barracks block. The buildings are being faced in brick and Portland stone and are due to be completed in 1962. The £2,250,000 contract was awarded to Gilbert-Ash Ltd.

Right: Rehousing the Guards—new buildings are under construction to replace Chelsea Barracks, on a 14-acre site

ound) on the South Bank is the new Shell building

Rebuilding the City—between Moor House (left) and the new Post Office building is St. Paul's

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

MOVES IN MOVIES

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

"I believe," said Lord Rank in his annual speech as chairman of the Rank Organisation, "that we are entitled to look to the future with restrained optimism." These were not words that would normally goad shareholders of an industrial company into hysterical excitement nor impel the shares smartly upwards on the Stock Exchange. But because the British cinema industry has ploughed painfully through such soggy land for so many years, any suggestion that it may now be rolling forward on a firmer surface has a disproportionately enlivening effect. Certainly, Ordinary shares of the Rank Organisation have more than doubled in value in the last few months, reducing the dividend yield to well under 3 per cent., a flattering level that is usually seen only in the yields of the best "growth" shares.

What has brought about this improvement? Not in any dramatic change in the not-going-to-the-cinema habits of the public, although in 1960 the decline in attendances showed signs of levelling off for the first time for many years. The main reason is the way the Rank Organisation has faced the facts of screen life, closed or converted to other uses unprofitable cinemas and so widely diversified its activities that it is now almost an industrial holding company. Its only major British competitor, Associated British Picture Corporation, of which Sir Philip Warter is chairman, is also diversifying but not yet to the same extent. This may account for the fact that despite sunny profit prospects the dividend yield on its shares at their present Stock Exchange price is more than double that of Rank's.

In the last five years the cinema industry, always volatile in its fortunes, has suffered a major decline. Nearly 1,000 cinemas have been closed and box-office takings have fallen from more than £2,000,000 a week to under £1,300,000. Mr. John Davis, Rank's dynamic managing director, shocked the whole industry when he declared two or three years ago that he foresaw cinema attendances falling to only 500,000,000 a year. In fact, last year they were 520,000,000, less than half those of 1956, and it is a fair indication of the prevailing gloom that it was regarded as encouraging that the decline from 1959's attendance figures was only 14 per cent. instead of an expected 20 per cent. In July and August more people went to the cinema than in the same months in 1959, prompted no doubt by the uncertain summer weather. The abolition of entertainment duty on cinema seats, urged on the Government so long and so forcefully by the cinema interests, was at last conceded in the 1960 Budget and this is expected to save the industry about £7,000,000 a year.

Associated British Picture Corporation, in which Warner Brothers of America holds 37½ per cent. of the Ordinary shares, was an early entrant into commercial television. In September 1955 it was awarded the contract for week-end programmes in the Midlands and North and last year 62 per cent. of its total profits came from that source. Hope has by no means been abandoned of making the cinema side more profitable and the present policy is to concentrate on modernising and re-equipping the best cinemas while closing down and if possible selling the unprofitable or unsuitably located ones. At present the ABC chain consists of 339 cinemas; two have been converted into bowling alleys. At the Elstree Studios seven feature films were produced last year and sixty-seven half-hour films were made for television as well as television commercials. ABC's profit and dividend record has been a good deal sounder than Rank's over the past ten years.

The mighty Rank Organisation was nearly brought to its knees in 1949 and 1950 when there were net losses and dividend payments were suspended. By 1955 recovery seemed assured but over the next four years profits fell again, from £1,300,000 to £170,000. It was towards the end of this second unhappy period that the group began to wear new clothes of a quite different cut, closing more than 100 cinemas and developing other interests. It bought a 37·6 per cent. interest in Southern Television which covers the south of England from Weymouth to Dover with a population of more than 3,700,000; it runs twenty-three ball-rooms and twenty-one dance studios and plans to have more than twenty bowling alleys in the next two or three years. It has bought shops selling and renting radio and television sets as well as domestic appliances and plans to expand this side of the business; it is conducting research, in conjunction with Rediffusion, into Pay-as-you-view television.

With the closing of so many cinemas Rank was faced with problems of disposal or conversion and formed a property company in equal partnership with Richard Costain, the contractors, and Prudential Assurance. The industrial interests of the group now include making Bush radio and television receivers, Bell and Howell ciné cameras, machine tools, lenses, sound recording equipment, record players and copying instruments. Although film production has been curtailed, Pinewood Studios provided five of the seven most successful British films played on Rank circuits last year. Not all the new ventures have been successful. A bold attempt to break into the heavily fortified disc trade resulted in substantial losses and there was a hasty, if orderly, withdrawal. But long-term confidence in the Rank Organisation's future was underlined by last month's purchase of Twentieth Century-Fox's indirect holding in Gaumont British, the Rank cinema-owning subsidiary, for £4,000,000 which included valuable long-term trading arrangements. Rank will eventually wholly own Gaumont British.

(*Continued from previous column*)

The only other British cinema company of any investment significance is Mr. Sidney Bernstein's Granada Group but this is now mostly a television contracting concern. It does, however, own forty-four cinemas, besides a chain of record and electrical goods shops, sweet shops and other sidelines. Mr. Bernstein recently said that profits were running at more than double last year's rate. Granada non-voting "A" shares are dealt in on the Stock Exchange and yield 3·7 per cent. at 50s.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

I am often being asked to recommend unpretentious, inexpensive wines for everyday drinking with meals. If the inquirer is satisfied with a true "vin ordinaire," the product of a region rather than that of an individual vineyard, there is not much difficulty in offering advice. One usually finds that the preference in such cases is for burgundies under such names as Beaujolais, Macon, etc., although these wines, if bought from a reputable merchant are not all that cheap. It is not generally appreciated that it is possible to find good young wines of the Bordeaux region at even lower prices. What is more, there are others than the blended ordinaires simply called Bordeaux Rouge on the lower end of the scale, and named after their specific areas, Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, etc., or after individual villages, St. Julien, Pauillac, Margaux (*not* Château M.!) and so on, at prices getting further away from the very cheap.

I was therefore very interested when I was invited to taste six low-priced clarets, for present drinking, all young 1958's, each from an individual, small vineyard, and now offered to the public by Hedges and Butler Ltd. These are really cheap, ranging from 6s. 9d. to 8s. 9d., and I found all most drinkable, if nothing more. I was tasting in the cellar, the wines were at cellar temperature and the bottles had not been uncorked in advance, making the test that much more severe. I was most surprised by the cheapest, Clos la Gelette, which exuded a most promising "nose." On tasting, however, the promise of distinction was not fulfilled, but one could not really expect it. It had a fresh, only slightly sharp taste. This was improved almost imperceptibly as I went on to the next three: Château Faugère (St. Colombe) at 7s., Cru de Bel Air (Côtes de Bourg) at 7s. 3d., Château Maran (lères Côtes de Bordeaux) at 7s. 6d., each showing quite clearly the general character of its area.

The last two I tasted were the best. They each displayed a quality which nearly amounted to distinction. Strangely I preferred the cheaper of the two, Château Lestage of Parsac-St. Emilion at 8s. The other, Château Chaigneau of Lalande de Pomerol at 8s. 9d., seemed to me less finished, and I concluded that another month or two in bottle might bring out the best in it. All these wines have about eight months' bottle-age which, on the whole, seems quite adequate as none of them is a "big" wine in any sense. I thoroughly enjoyed comparing these six sturdy youngsters and, I am glad to say, my readers can have the same fun. Very sensibly Hedges and Butler will supply a sample collection of one bottle of each wine at the special price of 2 guineas, delivered.

Following my notes on the damage by landslide suffered at Château Ausone, I have received reassuring news from a reader at St. Emilion. His letter reads: "At Château Ausone the damage is not as bad as it seemed at first. The part of the cellars which collapsed was not the one usually opened to the public (this would be irreparable) and some of the wine has been recuperated. There was a small vineyard on top of the cellars, you may remember it. A stone staircase led to it and there was a tiny chapel full of skulls dug up when the vine was planted. It is now dangerous and therefore forbidden to work in this vineyard which is also liable to collapse. This is the result of the unbelievable amount of rain we have had this winter." And then a much more cheerful note: "Now I am glad to say the sun has come back and a few really cold days have clarified the 1960's which give us much satisfaction."

Madame Floris, who is perhaps best known for the fabulous birthday cakes she makes for important people, including Sir Winston Churchill, also runs a large bakery which turns out thirty-seven kinds of bread. Good, freshly-baked bread is quite rare to-day, and so her bread is in great demand by the more discerning people, who—as Mme Floris puts it—regard bread as a food more important than just something to put the butter on. She once overheard an assistant in the shop recommending the "Floris loaf" to a customer with these words: "... this bread will keep fresh for forty-five days, Sir ...." Horrified by such an extravagant claim, she questioned the offender, who defended herself: "But, Madame, I have heard you say the very same thing to another customer ...." Then it dawned on Mme Floris, that she must have been misunderstood. She had said that this particular loaf would keep fresh for four *to* five days!

This is perfectly true. To prove the claim I was given a Floris loaf to take home with me, eat some of it immediately and then leave for several days and try it again. I found it delicious, feather-light, with just the right consistency and flavour. When after five days the outside slice was cut away, the rest was just as good as new, no question about it. Mme Floris says that the recipe of this bread is based on an old one from Hungary, where during her childhood every family used to bake bread at home, and fresh bread was baked regularly, once a week.

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MOTORING

POLICE DRIVING SCHOOLS

Teaching the general public as well; and new saloons

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Most people have heard of the Metropolitan Police Driving School at Hendon, Middlesex. Many have heard of the police driving schools at Chelmsford, Essex, and Preston, Lancashire. They were started before the Hitler war under what was known as the courtesy scheme, the idea being that the interests of road safety would be better served if police drivers set ordinary motorists a good example in expert, courteous driving than by prosecuting them.

The first three driving schools were so successful that since the war ten more, less well known, have been started with Home Office backing. During a recent visit to the school at Chelmsford, run by the Essex County Council, I learned that tuition has now been standardised at all thirteen schools. They all use a common manual which is also available to the general public from H.M. Stationery Office for 3s. 6d. It is a booklet I strongly commend to all motorists who take a pride in their driving. If we all followed the excellent advice it contains there would be a spectacular drop in road accidents.

The Triumph Herald " S " saloon costs £664 with tax

My reason for visiting Chelmsford was to attend a special one-day course of instruction which had been arranged for senior executives of Ilford Ltd., the Essex photographic manufacturers. Although the Chelmsford school has often had members of the general public along for potted instruction and practice on the skid pan, this was the first time the school had entertained a commercial firm. The Ilford executives included the firm's transport manager and regional sales chiefs. They told me it is their intention to pass on to their 100 professional drivers as much as possible of the lessons they learned at Chelmsford. The firm encourages its drivers to take the test of the Institute of Advanced Motorists and up to the present about fifteen have passed. They get extra pay in recognition of their enthusiasm and proved ability.

From Superintendent H. W. Gilder, traffic chief of the Essex Constabulary, whose responsibilities include the driving school, I learned that twenty different county and borough police forces in various parts of the country send their drivers to Chelmsford for training. They include the City of London Police and forces as far apart as Grimsby and Monmouthshire. These police driving schools do not draw their pupils from any restricted geographical area. Chief constables anywhere can send their drivers to the school of their choice and Chelmsford is one of the most popular. They train about 300 drivers every year. These arrive in batches of between twenty and thirty and for five weeks take an intensive course which includes class-room instruction, workshop training, high-speed motoring, long-distance driving and skid pan practice.

Inspector R. W. H. Combes, senior instructor, told me: " We don't turn out racing drivers. We train men to drive fast in safety. An officer who crashes on his way to an emergency ceases to be an effective officer and we have no room for him. One of the main tenets of our driving faith is discipline. In these days of cut-throat competition on the roads we try to inculcate the philosophy: ' I don't mind what the other chap is going to do. Whatever happens, my car isn't going to be involved in an accident '."

The Standard-Triumph organisation have announced a simpler version of the Triumph Herald—the " S " saloon—which at £664 (including tax) costs £38 5s. less than the normal Herald saloon. It has a different radiator grille and the equipment does not include heater or screen-washers, though these can be fitted as optional extras. This interesting addition to the Triumph range is mechanically identical with the ordinary saloon and so includes independent rear suspension and a 25-ft. turning circle among its attractive design features. The lower price should appeal to a wide range of motorists. It certainly makes the car more competitive with the Austin A40 (£639), Ford Anglia (£589), Morris Minor 1000 (£590) and Renault Dauphine (£690).

The new Herald will be the first car produced in the new £2,500,000 assembly hall at the Standard-Triumph Canley works. This new plant is being brought into use progressively and will be completed in April. It is a three-storey building. Three assembly tracks have been installed on the first floor. They are fed with bodies from the top floor and with other components from the ground-floor stores. The capacity of the new assembly hall is 4,500 cars a week. The bodies are moved by remote control and six closed-circuit television cameras are used to check the supply situation.

When news of the new Herald was announced I was road-testing the same firm's Vanguard Luxury Six, announced last October. You have to drive this new Vanguard several hundreds of miles, as I did, to get the full flavour of its delightfully smooth, quiet and lively six-cylinder engine. With a bore of 74.7 mm., a stroke of 76 mm. and a cubic capacity of 1,998 c.c. the new unit is slightly smaller than the famous four-cylinder engine (2,088 c.c.) on which the *marque* has relied for so long, but produces 80 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m. compared with 68 at 4,200.

Top speed is close on 90 m.p.h. and acceleration is more peppy in the higher speed range, though I thought the Luxury Six lacked the honest-to-goodness punch of the four-cylinder model when getting away from a standing start. Overall petrol consumption worked out at better than 20 m.p.g. The external appearance of the Luxury Six is almost identical with that of the four-cylinder Vignale Vanguard (still available) but improved trim and a new fascia have greatly enhanced the car's interior atmosphere. It costs £1,021, including tax, which is £35 more than the four-cylinder model. For only £21 extra you get the luxury of real leather upholstery, which is one of motoring's subtler status symbols.

An overdrive unit costs £60 extra, automatic transmission £163 and special shock absorbers can be specified for £5 13s. extra. An estate car version of the Luxury Six costs £1,134 or £1,156 with leather upholstery. The new Vanguard starts easily and warms up quickly. It normally has a four-speed gearbox with a change lever on the floor but buyers may specify a three-ratio transmission with steering-column shift.

Briefly . . . Renault have opened a big new parts depot at their recently-extended plant at Acton, W.3, where assembly of Dauphines is shortly ending in favour of 100 per cent. importation from France of built-up Dauphines . . . First of Britain's new automatically-operated, half-barrier rail crossing gates came into use recently at Spath, near Uttoxeter . . . A Transport Ministry traffic census revealed that in the third quarter of 1960 there were 9,384,000 motor vehicles in use in Britain (an increase of 800,000 or 9 per cent.), including 5,500,000 cars . . . Latest Odhams owner-driver handbooks deal with the Ford Consul and Vauxhall Victor. Price 8s. each . . .

I am waiting for fog to try out a new type of get-you-home foglamp (the Spax Homefinder, £1 9s. 6d) normally kept inside the car and when needed attached to the front bumper by rubber suckers or elastic bands . . . Motorists planning a holiday in France should not fail to get a free copy of " Calendar of Events " from the French Government Tourist Office . . .

The 1961 Vanguard Luxury Six Saloon, which has a new six-cylinder engine, costs £1,021 with tax

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by MARTLET PRESS LTD., 88-90, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1961. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

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